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The Miskodeed

Class of 'Twelve

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THE
MISKODEED
1911

L. C. Morehouse

THE CLASS OF NINETEEN-HUNDRED-TWELVE
MISHAWAKA HIGH SCHOOL

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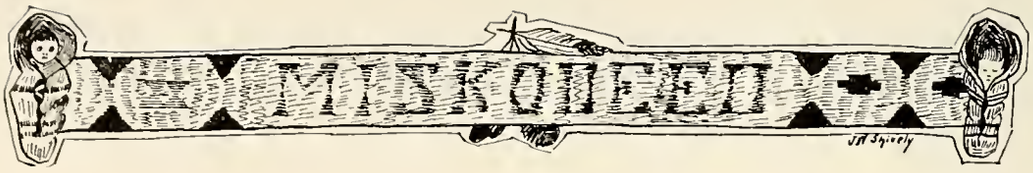
Miskodeed

In the town of Mishawaka, on the old St.
Joseph river,
Lived a maiden,—such a maiden !
With the black eyes of an angel,
Black her eyes, and straight her hair was,
And her form, 'twas most divine,
Do you ask us what her name was ?
Miskodeed, of northern clime.

Miskodeed for sixteen summers
Lived here then, but now is change,
For sweet Miskodeed has vanished
And has left us but her name.
Miskodeed, the first spring blossom,
Miskodeed, (so means the name)
Thou has given us inspiration
For in early spring you came.

OSTRANDER

THE CLASS OF NINETEEN-HUNDRED-TWELVE
AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATE
THIS FIRST NUMBER OF THE MISKODEED
TO
PROFESSOR J. F. NUNER



JOHN F. NUNER, S. B., Superintendent

State Normal, Terre Haute	1892-96
University of Indiana	1897-98
University of Chicago	1900-03
Graduate College, Chicago	
Teacher of Montpelier High School	1896-1900
Teacher of Mishawaka High School	1903
Superintendent of Schools, Mishawaka	1903 ——

JOHN F. NUNER

Editorial

OUR goal has been reached and now we submit our record to you in this book—the fruit of long work, midnight oil, blue days—but that is over, that you may judge whether or not we deserve the laurel wreath. We ask you to be lenient in your criticisms. We admit that it is far from perfect, but as our first attempt at anything in the way of literature it would be nigh impossible to produce a faultless work.

In this book we have aimed to picture our school in its daily life that the graduate in future years may recall the happy time when he passed thru M. H. S. He will remember his first year, how he held aloof from the faculty, not understanding their real natures; how he became acquainted with them in the following years; how the class was knit together by association, "good-times," common tasks and purposes; until he will see the class assembled in the auditorium listening to the parting words of good will to its members which will then be scattered thruout the country.

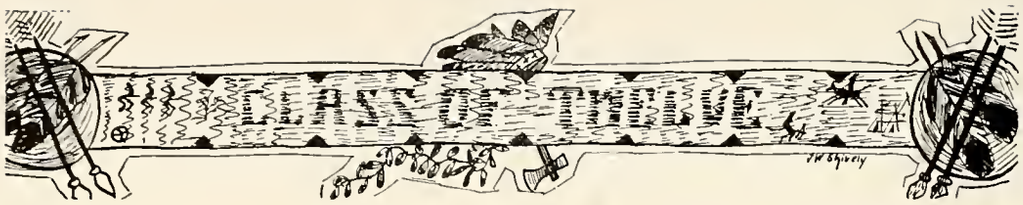
If we have been able to paint such a picture we are satisfied, and the "Miskodeed" will truly be the "Spring Beauty" of our Junior Year.

Progress of Mishawaka Schools

Written by Mary D. Welch, Principal of High School, Mishawaka

THE Ordinance of 1787 contains this significant sentence: "Religion, morality and knowledge being necessary to good government and the happiness of mankind, schools and the means of education shall be forever encouraged." The Northwest Territory, of which our own state was an important part, was thus founded upon the rock of popular education. No city has followed this ideal more heartily than the city of Mishawaka. The growth of our schools has kept pace with our progress in every other department of municipal life. Phenomenal as has been the industrial energy of Mishawaka in the past decade, the development of our public schools has been no less wonderful. From a central school and a frame Battell school building, our physical equipment has within a few years expanded into four flourishing ward schools, and a new high school building, unsurpassed by any city of equal size in America.

However a good school system does not depend entirely upon a good building. The spirit and inner life of any educational institution is far more important than the structure in which such school is contained. In proportion to our improvement externally, there has been real progress internally. The number of young men and women in our graduating class of 1910 was three times that of the usual classes of ten years ago. In Athletics, that most important element in modern education, our schools are maintaining their proper place in the school-world of Indiana. How many of the truly great men of today were taking a wholesome interest twenty years ago in manly sports, such as base-ball, foot-ball, track events and the many other avenues in which strength asserts itself. Probably the leading statesmen, workmen and capitalists of Indiana in years to come are today heartily enjoying some game of skill, where the muscles of the body come into free-play. In public speaking our boys and girls today are taking an interest which will amply repay them in practical life. How attractive and useful is the ability to speak intelligently and forcibly upon a public question. The graduates of our High School in those vocations requiring forensic ability have not been found wanting. It is highly probable the training they have received in our literary societies has contributed largely to these results. We might also proceed to outline the progress of our schools in the business department, so essential in the modern High School course. A good beginning in manual training has been made in the grades and it is expected that we shall soon have a manual training teacher in the High School. In our new building a large room has been set apart for this work. In a town like Mishawaka, where manufacturing institutions are so large a factor, this sort of work in the High School will meet an urgent need. Art-work



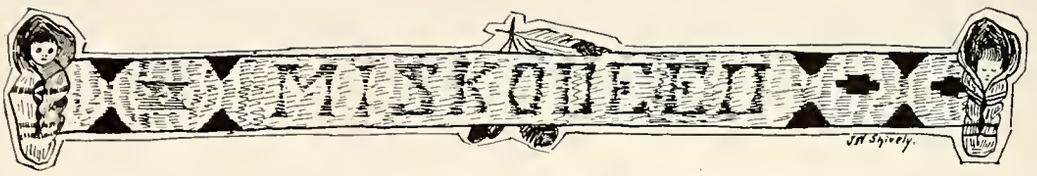
with us has been put on a credit basis, the work is practical and along the line of the crafts. Our chorus of nearly one-hundred-fifty voices receives training that makes for better music in our churches and community. Formerly the H. S. teaching force in Mishawaka consisted of a principal and one assistant. Today we have a specialist in each subject. As a result in literature, science, history, mathematics and the languages —the fundamentals of every liberal education—the results secured are much more satisfactory.

Whom shall we thank for these advances? We naturally think first of our superintendent, who has quietly, ably and industriously guided the energies and resources of our school system. We turn to the members of our Board of Education. Mishawaka has been fortunate in having upon its school-board its most representative citizens, men who have always been guided by one consideration only—the betterment of the school system under their charge. These men should through life revert with pride to their unselfish efforts in behalf of the youth of Mishawaka.

Finally, in considering the factors which have contributed to our magnificent growth in Educational lines, let us not forget the people of Mishawaka. It would be very easy for any community favored with rapid industrial and economic prosperity, such as Mishawaka has known, to neglect its schools. Material prosperity often means neglect of the higher things. In the midst of worldly prosperity, our people have not forgotten their spiritual and intellectual requirements. A finely-equipped Hospital, a beautiful Orphans' Home, magnificent church structures and an unsurpassed physical equipment for its schools prove the temperament of our people. This community believes in its public schools and cooperates thoroughly with its teachers in their daily work. How fine it is for a teacher to feel behind him the sympathy and encouragement of parents and patrons. No community in America stands back of its teachers more loyally than does Mishawaka. Our city's slogan, *All for Mishawaka*, is well illustrated by the relation of parent, pupil and teacher.

We have discussed the past and present of Mishawaka public schools. What of the future? First of all, we want every boy and girl of school age in our city to realize the wealth of opportunities here in our city schools. There are hundreds of small colleges in America that cannot offer the student the advantages of botanical, chemical and physical laboratories such as our new High School building contains. The large universities of scarcely a generation back did not have the equal of our auditorium, offices, gymnasium and domestic science kitchens. Let us hope that the boy and girl who have at their very door such rich conveniences may not neglect them. Secondly, we want the interest of our parents thoroughly sustained in our pupils. If the boy is not progressing as well as he should in school, we want the father and mother to visit the recitation room. If the teacher, the father, the mother and the pupil can all fully understand each other, success will inevitably crown our mutual efforts. In conclusion, we feel Mishawaka should count among its richest assets, its modern educational system. Side by side with our prosperous factories, beautiful churches and wholesome homes should stand our free public school.

FACULTY



MARY D. WELCH, A. B.

Principal; Albion College; Special Work—Latin and History—University of Chicago.

MISS MARIE E. SIMPSON, English

Graduate of Olivet College, Class of 1901.

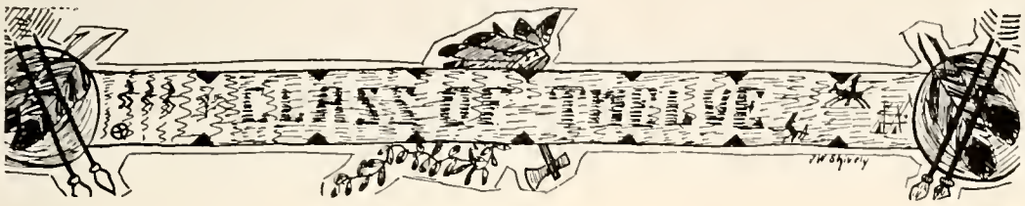
MISS EVANGELINE V. ABBEY, Science

Graduate of Olivet College, Class of 1900; taught in Buchanan High School, 1900-02; a teacher in M. H. S. from 1902 to January, 1911, when she resigned and accepted the position of a loving wife to Mr. Pryor.

MR. CLINTON L. HUFFMAN

Commercial.

Graduate of Indiana University.



MR. HARRY DAVID HUMISTON

Mathematics.

Graduate of Marietta College: Ohio State University.

MISS LEONA TURNER

History.

Graduate of Indiana University.

MISS OLLIVE CHANDLER

Science.

Graduate of De Pauw University; Graduate of Ann Arbor.

MISS JEANNIE E. TERRY

Supervisor of Music in Mishawaka Schools.

MISS RUTH T. KELLY, Art.

State Normal, Terre Haute, Indiana; Art Institute, Chicago, Illinois.

Acknowledgement

The Editorial Staff wish to express their gratitude to all those who by their loyalty and material help have furthered the book's progress. It would have been beyond our capability to edit this annual without the help which has been tendered by the entire school and faculty. We would also thank the alumni who have aided us in various ways for the sake of M. H. S., and we ask that everyone will help the publishers of the next "Miskodeed" that they may be able to produce a beautiful tribute to our school.

SENIORS

Officers

President—Otto Gartner
Vice-President—Leslie Morehouse
Secretary—Nita Swayne
Treasurer—Aline McQuillen

COLORS

Green and White

FLOWER

Lily of the Valley

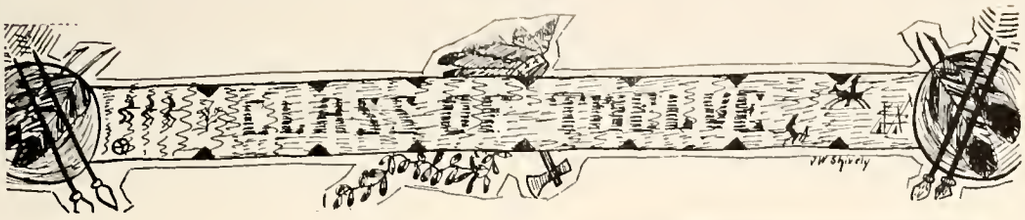
CLASS SONG

Music Composed by E. V. Prahl

When High School days are ended
And new friends we find,
They'll not be forgotten,
Those we left behind,
Those we made as Seniors.
In our minds are bright
Thoughts of dear old High School
And the green and white.

Chorus

Hail, class of 'leven!
Best class on earth—
Since nineteen-seven,
All know our worth.
Our dear old High School,
We love you true,
And through the future years
We'll stand by you.



GARTNER, OTTO. 17 yrs. President. "Bonehead."

Philosophian.
President of the class, ('10), ('11).
Football and Basket Ball, ('09, '10, '11)
Base Ball, ('10); Capt., ('11).

"Consider you what services he has done for this, his school."

MOREHOUSE, LESLIE. 18 yrs. Vice-President. "Punkie."

Vice-President of Adelphosophian Society.
Sir Joseph Porter in "Pinafore."

"I am not only witty in myself, but cause that wit in other folks."

SWAYNE, NITA. 18 yrs. Secretary. "Nita."

Philosophian.

"Speech is silver, silence is golden."

McQUILLEN, ALINE. 18 years. Treasurer. "Aline."

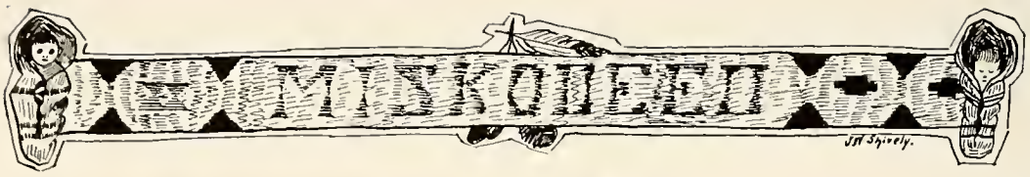
Treasurer of Philosophian Society.
Secretary of Athletic Association.
Cousin Hebe in "Pinafore."

"Her graceful ease and sweetness, void of pride,
Might hide her faults, if faults she had to hide."

BURNETT, ROBERT. 18 yrs. "Bob."

Philosophian.

"You've waked me too soon, I must slumber again."



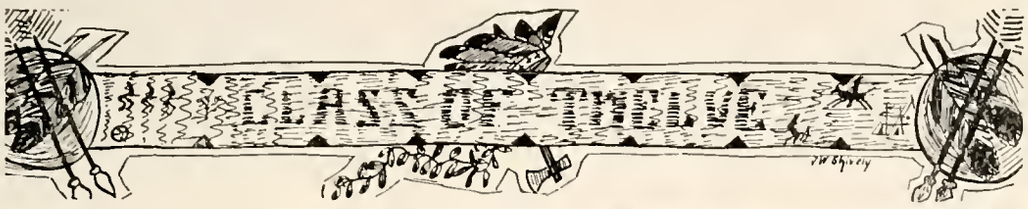
CULP, ALICE. 19 yrs. "Lala."
Philosophian.
Girls' Basket Ball, ('11).
"Little Buttercup" in "Pinafore."
"Even the angels hearken unto her voice."

DAVIS, ONNER. 18 yrs. "O. D. D."
Adelphosophian.
President of Athletic Association, ('11).
Track, ('10).
Boatswain in "Pinafore."
"A man condemned to bear the public burden of a nation's care."

FRIES, HERMAN. 18 yrs. "Herm."
Adelphosophian.
Basket Ball and Football, ('11).
"A sturdy man he was."

FULLER, FLORENCE. 18 yrs. "Florence."
Philosophian.
"A voice gentle and low, an excellent thing in a woman."

GEBHART, MYRTLE. 18 yrs. "Myrtle."
Adelphosophian.
"Is she not passing fair?"



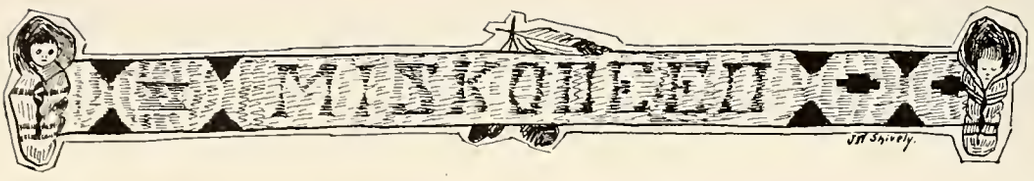
GIBLETT, EDWARD. 18 yrs. "Ed."
President of Philosophian Society.
Vice-President of Athletic Association.
Football, ('10); Capt., ('11).
Basket Ball, ('10), ('11).
Base Ball, ('10), ('11).
Ralph Rackstraw in "Pinafore."
"'Tis fine to have a giant's strength."

HARTSOCK, CRYSTAL. 20 yrs. "Crystal"
Secretary of Adelphosophians.
"This world belongs to the energetic."

HAWK, PAULINE. 17 yrs. "Little Hawk."
Philosophian.
Basket Ball, ('11).
"Heart on her lips, soul within her eyes,
Soft as her climes, and sunny as her skies."

LEWIS, VITA. 18 yrs. "Vita."
Adelphosophian.
"Gentle words, quiet words are after all most powerful words."

LUCE, GENEVIEVE. 18 yrs. "Genevieve."
Philosophian.
"A maid is she of quiet ways,
A student of old books and says."



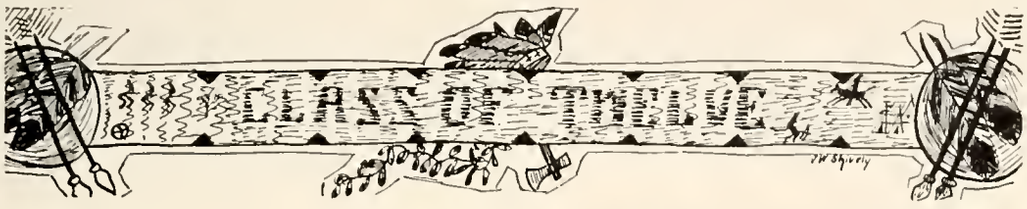
MORAN, CLAUDE. 18 yrs. "Moran."
Adelphosophian.
Base Ball, ('10), ('11).
Capt. Corcoran in "Pinafore."
"I witch sweet ladies with my words and looks."

PRAHL, EARL. 18 years. "Prahle."
President of Adelphosophian Society.
"Full much we owe him for his music."

RAIFSNYDER, EMMA. 19 yrs. "Emma."
Adelphosophian.
"This woman has some witching charm."

STULLER, GRACE. 18 yrs. "Gracious."
Philosophian.
"She's fair and industrious, too."

SWITZER, RUBY. 18 yrs. "Rube."
Philosophian.
"Give us a taste of your quality."



WEIMER, PAUL. 18 yrs. "Paul."
Philosophian.
"All my skill shall beg but honest laughter."

WITWER, RHODA. 19 yrs. "Rhoda."
Adelphosophian.
"And mistress of herself, though China fall."

WOODWARD, MADELINE. 18 yrs.
"Madeline."
Secretary of Adelphosophian Society.
Josephine in "Pinafore."
"'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white
Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on."

Graduate Students

GERNHART, LUCILE. "Sally."
Philosophian.
"To be of service rather than to be conspicuous."

BOLES, MARIE. "Mariar."
Adelphosophian.
"Graced with the power of words."

Class History

IT is not difficult to portray the history of an ordinary class. Its accomplishments and attainments present nothing unusual, and admit of ready comprehension. All that is needed in such a case is a chronological statement of facts, intermingled with a few statistics and the history is complete.

But it is different with the class upon whom Providence has lavished such a wealth of gifts as to raise it above all others. The principal events of its career may be easily narrated, but when these have been presented in the fullest measure, how inadequate and unsatisfactory it still remains! That, which distinguishes it from all others and exalts it high above them, is felt to be untouched. Strange and beautiful flowers may burst forth under our very gaze; but the marvelous energy that produces them remains invisible and mysterious.

Therefore, it would be useless to endeavor to give an accurate and finished history of the class of 1911.

The fall of 1907 marks a new era in the history of the Mishawaka High School. From that time it has made wonderful advancement, and ranks high among the best schools in the state.

When the class of '11 entered the school as Freshmen, everything assumed a new aspect. Athletics received a strong impetus that has placed the Maroon and White in the front ranks, especially in Basket-ball. The literary programs became more interesting, school music was materially benefited, an art class was formed as were numerous other organizations, which tended to promote greater activity and interest among the students. The class of '11 was the stimulating element that brought about this remarkable change.

The first two years were uneventful.

New friendships were made, which in a few instances developed into something more serious, but for the most part, they have proven warm and fast during the tempestuous voyage thru the mysterious realms of knowledge.

Knowing full well the meaning of the old adage, "Time and tide wait for no man;" the class declined to waste their time in petty "pennant fights" and flashy "social events;" but seized the golden opportunity offered them for mental advancement, and laid the foundations on which to build a life of usefulness and accomplishment.

The other classes in the school were not long in perceiving that this class was far above the ordinary, and prompted by a spirit of inferiority, they humbled themselves in the presence of its members and sought their advice and council on all matters of importance and weight.

The School Board, too, was not insensible to the fact that this was an exceptional class, and realizing that the old High School building was sadly deficient for its development, began to take steps toward the erection of a more suitable edifice, one in fact that would be a fitting place for their Commencement. As a result Mishawaka possesses one of the finest High School buildings in the state.

The Junior year proved to be less strenuous and numerous class affairs were enjoyed. Chief among these were the Annual Junior Supper given in the Annex parlors Feb. 18, 1910, and a Banquet held in honor of the class of '10 at the new Mishawaka Hotel, May 24. The Supper was a great success socially and financially, and the Banquet eclipsed all those given by former classes.

The Senior year was a continued demonstration of ability.

Success followed success, until the crowning event was the presentation of the opera "H. M. S. Pinafore," Feb. 23, 24 and 25. Scarcely, if ever, has a class in any school been able to furnish talent for the entire cast in a performance of this nature. The manner in which it was given and received exemplifies all that has been said regarding the class and is alone sufficient to place it high above all others.

The mere word "surprised" cannot properly express the feelings of the entire school when the resignation of our science teacher, Miss Abbey, was announced. It seemed impossible that we could finish our high school career without her. But her place has been ably filled by another, Miss Chandler, who has been received with much favor.

During four years, the enrollment of the class has greatly deteriorated, but it is thus with any class and those who remain are bound together by a closer tie of friendship, which, we hope will not decay as time rolls on but will be a mutual help toward greater success in the future.

LESLIE C. MOREHOUSE, '11.

Class Prophecy '11

I KNOW a woman who possesses a wonderful ring. She would never tell me how it came into her possession, but one day she granted me a very great favor by means of this ring. The mysterious power contained in the ring enables her to see into the future. I was called upon to write the prophecy for the Senior Class and I greatly doubted my ability to foretell the events of the future successfully. But when I told this woman of the task set before me she said she would come to my aid.

"When?" I asked eagerly.

"Right away, if you like," she answered. So she sat down in a large easy chair in front of the big open fire, and I sat on a cushion at her feet. I was very curious to know how she used the ring so I watched every movement intently. It was dusk and the open fire threw dark shadows in the corners of the large room, making, it seemed to me, a fit setting for so mysterious a revelation. She sat silent for a short time, turning the ring slowly on her finger three or four times, and then looking into the fire began to speak:

"I see a huge steamer in the New York harbor. It is named the Mauretania and is a passenger vessel bound for Europe. Two people are just stepping to the deck from the gang-plank. The man is mediumly tall and rather heavy set with dark hair and eyes. His companion is a beautiful young woman with light hair and gray eyes. It is easy to see that they are on their wedding trip, for the trunks, which bear the initials "H, P. G." are so evidently new.

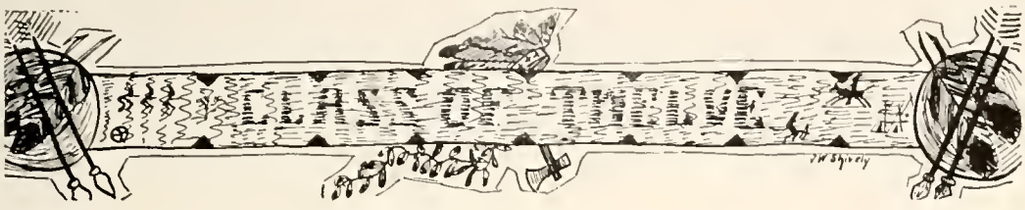
"Madeline Woodward," I interrupted, excitedly.

She smiled, and turning the ring again, continued:

"Now I see a cozy little home surrounded by a pretty lawn. On the porch I see Nita Swayne rocking contentedly as she works on a bit of embroidery. This time I am in the balcony of the Senate Chamber at Washington. On the floor below a Senator is eloquently discoursing. In the Senator I recognize Leslie C. Morehouse. She paused again but I did not speak this time.

"Two people, a man and a young woman, are before the window in the County Clerk's office. He has just signed a paper which he gives them, and peering over their shoulders I see that the name of the girl is Grace Stuller. The next scene is in the gymnasium of a girls' college. A large class of girls are executing drills and performing other gymnasic feats under the able directorship of Miss Pauline Hawk.

"My attention is now caught by some flaming posters announcing the performance shortly to be given by a famous actress in a successful comedy. Going into the play-house I am much surprised when the star comes on to discover that she is Ruby Switzer.



"Now I am being conducted into what seems to be a music studio. Inside one of the great masters of the present day is engaged in giving a lesson to Aline McQuillen, one of his most promising students. The scene changes to a large office. The furnishings indicate that it is the private office of a very wealthy business man. Miss Vita Lewis is taking dictation from the man at the desk.

"My next visit is to a school-room and the teacher in charge is Miss Genevieve Luce. I should judge from the character of the students that it is a class in a girls' boarding school. The next scene is in a hospital. The ward contains three beds, and a pleasant faced nurse, in whom I recognize Florence Fuller, attends the patients. Presently the physician enters and the nurse address him as Doctor Davis.

"Next appears to me the office of the principal of the High School in Springfield, Illinois, where Miss Emma Raifsnider presides at the desk. Now I am in a large church during the morning service. From the pulpit Paul Weimer, D. D., is speaking to a greatly interested congregation. Next I enter the busy office of Herman Fries, a successful business man. He has a number of stenographers and clerks at work, among whom I recognize Crystal Hartsock and Myrtle Gebhart.

"The next is rather indistinct, but it is gradually taking the shape of a large factory, bearing in huge letters over the door, 'Burnett and Gartner.' It is in this building that the famous new two-cycle automobile motor which Mr. Burnett and Mr. Gartner recently perfected, is manufactured."

Here, after vainly turning the ring on her finger a few times, she took it off and tried it on the fourth finger of her left hand. This device proved successful and she went on with her fortune-telling.

"Again I am in church, but this time I am a witness to a wedding. The crowded church is banked with flowers and greenery. The bride, arrayed in white satin and carrying a shower bouquet of lilies of the valley, slowly passes up the aisle to the altar. I do not see her face until she turns to leave the church when I find that she is Rhoda Witwer.

"My next visit takes me again to the theatre, this time it is to witness a production of the comic opera, 'The Magic Lady in the Moon'. The leading roll, a very difficult one requiring a contralto voice of wide range, is taken by Miss Alice Culp, who delights the large audience with her wonderful voice and her charming presentation of the heroine. The opera reflects great credit on the composer, Earl Victor Prahl, who occupies a box at this performance. I hear the man beside me remark that although Mr. Prahl is still so young he is already winning a wide reputation as an artist of first rank."

The voice stopped and she sat silent again, still looking into the fire. Not daring to speak lest I break the spell I slipped away noiselessly, and hurried home to record what she had revealed to me.

MARGARET BURNETT, '12.

"The Senior"

Who is it now we must endow
  With every art and grace ?
Who is the cynosure of eyes ?
  The *Senior* takes that place !

Who makes his bow, then tells us how
  To set the world aright ?
Who is the peer of potentates ?
  The Senior—note his might !

Who's armed with strength of intellect ?
  Who's sedate, wise and good ?
Who never does as he is told, altho'
  He'd like to if he could ?

The Senior—bless him—he means well,
  Of that we are quite sure !
And tho' 'tis hard, we all must try
  His bluffing to endure !

And so——
I lift my cup to one made up
  Of many complex parts—
And tho' a 'Lumnus, must confess
  I do admire his arts !

So, noble Senior, here's a toast :
  I wish you peace and joy,—
The most of life, the best of life,
  Success without alloy.

MARIE BOLES, '10.

JUNIORS.

Officers

President—Glenn Babcock
Vice-President—Helen McQuillen
Secretary—Isadore Barnhart
Treasurer—Edwin McCollum

COLORS

Black and Gold

FLOWER

Yellow Rose

CLASS SONG

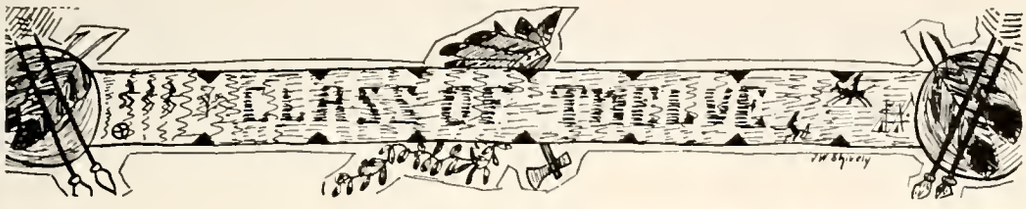
To tune of "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp."

As we marched along thru school,
Planning for the days to come,
Building character to help us on our way,
May we ever bear in mind
Things *worth while* are troublesome,
And expect to pay the price we'll have to pay.

Chorus

Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, we all are marching
Onward, upward, march along,
And when school work all is done,
May we enter every one
Into life's work, ever ready, ever strong.

As we journey on thru life,
Meeting others on the way,
Shall we helpful, strong and earnest prove ourselves.
Facing problems of the day,
Then have we not lived in vain—the "nineteen-twelves."



BABCOCK, GLENN. 16 yrs. "Babbie."
President.
Philosophian.
Editor-in-Chief of *Miskodeed.*
"He is truly great that is little in himself and maketh no account of any height of honor."

McQUILLEN, HELEN. 16 yrs. "Quillie."
Vice-President.
Adelphosophian Society.
Joke Editor of *Miskodeed.*
"A tireless worker for the good of all."

BARNHART, ISADORE. 17 yrs. "Isa."
Secretary.
Philosophian Society.
"No unkind word has left her tongue."

McCOLLUM, EDWIN. 16 yrs. "Ed."
Treasurer.
Philosophian Society.
Athletic Editor of *Miskodeed.*
Base Ball, ('10), ('11).
"Wisely and slow, they stumble that run fast."

BOLES, MADGE. 18 yrs. "Smadge."
Philosophian.
"Whirled by whims."

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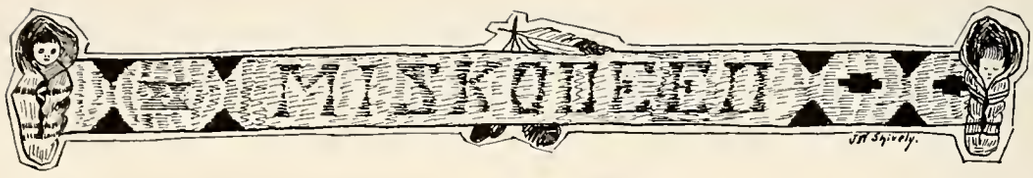
MISHAWAKA, INDIANA



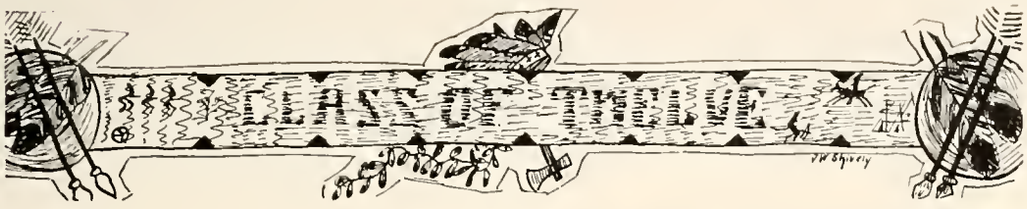
BORTNER, RUTH. 16 yrs. "Rufus."
Philosophian.
Basket Ball, ('10), ('11).
"A maid most mild, and true as steel."

BUCKEL, MARCELLA. 16 yrs. "Marcella"
Philosophian.
"What's in a name?"

BURNETT, MARGARET. 16 yrs. "Marge"
Adelphosophian.
"For if she would, she would,
You could depend on that."

COCOANOWER, ERMA. 16 yrs. "Erma."
Philosophian.
"I'm satisfied with livin' as I am."

CULP, CLARENCE. 18 yrs. "Mut."
Adelphosophian.
Football, ('10), ('11).
Basket Ball, ('09), ('10); Capt., ('11).
Base Ball, ('09), ('10), ('11).
Dick Deadeye in "Pinafore."
"Hail, the conquering hero comes."



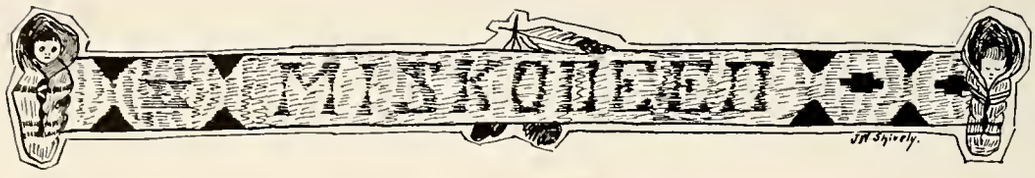
CURTIS, MARIE. 16 yrs. "Mac."
Adelphosophian.
Secretary of *Miskodeed* Staff.
"So coldly sweet."

HUSTON, EARL. 18 yrs. "Huston."
Philosophian.
Basket Ball, ('10), ('11).
Football, ('10), ('11).
Base Ball, ('10); Mgr., ('11).
"A jolly fellow and a man of better heart I know none."

KOBB, BESSIE. 18 yrs. "Bessie."
Philosophian.
"You are a little, by your favor, too blunt."

McKINLEY, VIRGINIA. 17 yrs. "Giney."
Adelphosophian.
Art Editor of *Miskodeed.*
Basket Ball, ('11).
"A magnificent spectacle of human happiness."

MILLER, CLYDE. 18 yrs. "Clyde."
Philosophian.
"Something between a hindrance and a help."



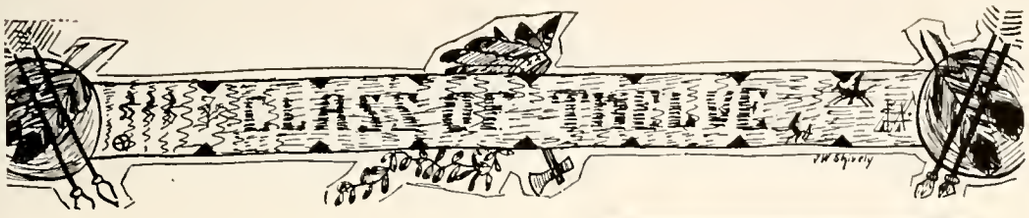
MILLER, NELLIE. 17 yrs. "Nellie."
Philosophian.
"I say not much, but think the more."

OSTRANDER, IVA. 17 yrs. "Polly."
Philosophian.
"It is the prettiest talking thing."

REEDER, BERNICE. 17 yrs. "Bunny."
Adelphosophian.
Literary Editor of *Miskodeed.*
"I'll be merry and free,
I'll be sad for nobody."

SHERBAHN, CLARK. 18 yrs. "Rube."
Philosophian.
"No maids need smile at me."

SWAYNE, JEANETTE. 17 yrs. "Nette."
Philosophian.
"With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come."



HAWKINS, ELMER. 18 yrs. "Elmer."
Vice-President Philosophian Society.
Business Manager of *Miskodeed.*
"Thou art a scholar."

HINDELANG, BERTILLE. — yrs.
"Arbeta."
Basket Ball, ('10), ('11).
"And still the wonder grew that one small head could carry all she knew."

WHITE, MARGUERITE. 16 yrs. "Bob."
Philosophian.
Alumni Editor of *Miskodeed.*
Basket Ball, ('10), ('11); Capt.
"'Tis good to be merry."

Class History

IN the fall of the year 1908 there was gathered together a class of about fifty, as bright and energetic up-to-date Freshies as ever graced the assembly of the M. H. S.

They had come to High School to make the most of the privileges accorded them by the city of Mishawaka, to improve their opportunities, to go out at the end of four years prepared to take up a higher education which shall enable them to give back in service to the people what has been given to them with such a lavish hand.

To give a full account of the history of the class of 1912 would require much time and space. Just a brief mention will serve as a reminder of the red-letter days in our history.

In the Freshman year the class of '12 did not organize, as many of the members were unable to stay with us. The class was well represented in Athletics, as the Girl's Basket-ball team contained a number of very promising young ladies, namely Marguerite White, Marie Curtis and others, who have since made an excellent showing on the school team.

In oratory, the class was ably represented by Glenn Babcock, Iva Ostrander, Helen McQuillen and Bernice Reeder.

The beginning of the Sophomore year found the class prosperous although thinned down to about twenty-five members. Very little was achieved in the way of athletics. Our class discussions were led by Margaret Burnett and Glenn Babcock.

Realizing that in the all important and critical Junior year much often depends upon its officers, early last fall, Glenn Babcock was elected President, Helen McQuillen, Vice-President, Edwin McCollum, Treasurer, and Isadore Barnhart, Secretary. As one of the officers I may say that we will do our utmost to protect and further the interests of the Junior class.

During the fall term, the year book, "The Miskodeed," was instituted by the Juniors, the first class to attempt the publication of such a book in this school.

To Basket-ball we contribute today such girls as Marguerite White, Ruth Bortner, Virginia McKinley and many others of equal prominence.

Three years ago we entered the High School with many high ambitions for great achievements, but today we look back and see that our success has even surpassed them. Here we have worked and accomplished much but it is but a preparation for something higher. The future will decide whether our achievements are enduring, and if the past and present can foreshadow the future, then there are, indeed, some wonderful things in store for the class of 1912 as a fitting reward for its loyalty and faithfulness in all things.

ISADORE BARNHART,
Secretary.

SOPHOMORE.

Officers

President—William Cole
Vice-President—Warren Edwards
Secretary—Norma Borter
Treasurer—Elmer Moon

COLORS

Brown and Gold

ROLL CALL

Alpha Balsley
Oswald Behse
Esther Brown
Isabelle Buckheit
Helen Buel
Gonitta Burkhart
Gertrude Cuddahy
Serena De Groote
Leona Distler
Gladys Elliot
Clinton Felton
Dorothy Harlin
Ruth Harris
Lillian Hunt
Hazel Johnson
Marie Johnson
Clarence Kamm
Sherill Kiskadden
Charles Lott
James McMillen
Mary Miller
Agnes Myers
Edith Petcher
Carl Selner
Helen Sensor
Philip Stoeckinger
Joseph Stuller
Charlotte Towle
Charles Tramer
Leroy Treadway
Marie West
Beatrice Woodward
Mattie Young

Sophomore History

THEY came, one hot September day, some forty strong, like a herd of untamed colts, not knowing what to do with themselves. But they watched the upper classmen with big round eyes and mouths, wide open, to learn the ways of High School. But gradually their eyes became smaller, their mouths shut, and they watched, listened and continued to keep their mouths sealed.

The usual call for football candidates came and the "Freshies" responded by giving more "tryouts" and having more men make good than any other class in school, supplying both ends, one tackle, one guard and the center.

Then came basket-ball. The class of '13 once more came to the front, gaining one regular and one substitute.

Baseball season opened and the school was not disappointed in getting only two men from the "yearlings" becauce of the important positions they held on the infield.

Fall came, once more they waited with eager hearts for the completion of the new High School building, but to their disappointment, word was given for them to occupy the seats they had vacated in the spring before. But this time they entered with a determination to live down the reputation of being the "class of cut ups," by organizing as a class and starting things off in a business-like manner.

In the Y. M. C. A. reception, the class of '13 made a showing of their athletic ability, holding, with the assistance of the Freshmen, the Seniors and Juniors to a close score in Basket-ball and giving them a close rub in Indoor Base-ball.

They were not left out of the football team this year, for they supplied both tackles, the center, and quarter-back.

At Interlaken the "eleven" left the gridiron with glad hearts, victorious, due to the fast, hard work of every man on the team. But our highest praise can be given to a Sophomore who handled the ball almost perfectly in helping to win the contest for M. H. S.

Tired of seeing a school of the size of our High School seem so dead, the "Sophs" touched things up a little by displaying their most honored colors in the assembly hall. But a Senior captured them in the absence of their keeper. By this time the spirit began to rise, and rise, and rise,—until it got to such a high point that the pupils could not even find their books some mornings when they returned to their diligent grindings.

One morning, amidst the other pupils, the "Sophs" entered the new High School building with even higher resolutions than ever before to make themselves worthy of the "Pride of Mishawaka."

But let us go back about fifteen hours. While all the other classes were asleep, the Sophomores were working away, placing the Brown and Gold on the flag-staff of the new home, thereby gaining the honor of being the first to do so. About nine o'clock the next morning a noise was heard. It was discovered that a Junior had pulled them down. But a "Sophie" rescued them and saved our record from that shame.

Basket-ball this season was the best ever known in the history of M. H. S. The team was made up of three Seniors, two Juniors and one "Soph," so it can plainly be seen by this that the latter always manage to get into everything.

Still aiming for the up-most heights of approval the class of '13 give their best wishes to M. H. S.

WILLIAM COLE.

Officers

President Otho Enyert
Vice-President—Harold Rogers
Secretary—Mildred Towle
Treasurer—Esther Zimmerman

COLORS

Purple and White

ROLL CALL

Dorothy Baker
Phebe Chandler
James Cook
Walter Crumley
Elizabeth Duckwall
Margaret Dundon
Kathryn Eger
Raymond Emerson
Amanda Fishman
Floyd Fulmer
Gladys Garner
Irving Giel
Marguerite Kaufman
John Kemp
Madge Kizer
Flossie Kreiter
Louis Lang
Garfield Lovell
James McMillen
Estella Matz
Iva Middleton
Eula Minzie
Anna Monhaut
Zilpah Rosenstein
Ray Russ
Minnie Schalliol
Dana Scheid
Clara Selner
Eugene Shearer
Albert Stoehr
Stella Swinehart
Violet Todd
Beatrice Treadway
Cecil Wells

History of the Class of '14

WITH a great deal of difficulty I will proceed to write a history for my honorable classmates, the "Freshies." This task is difficult, not because our history is so very extensive, but because, as all "Freshies," I have not acquired a sufficient amount of knowledge to enable me to do them justice.

This worthy "Class of Fourteen" came up to High School in September full of hope and ambition and intent upon "making a good impression." Altho we were only "Freshies" we determined that we were going to do all we could to raise the standard of the school and of our class. We were not going to wait until we were Seniors to do things. So we went right in for everything.

We hate to admit this, but it is the truth, we did feel rather IMPORTANT at first, (and that is not a thing of the past, although we have had some of the importance jeered out of us.)

The Seniors, as well as the Juniors, seemed to consider us an unusually ignorant bunch. And then the Sophomores, even, seemed to forget who and what they were just one short year before and thot themselves superior to the Class of '14.

Therefore we went thru the usual amount of humiliating experiences, standing them bravely enough and we always remembered to leave our play-things at home.

We are proud to say that we were the first Freshman class to organize. That surely was a good beginning. This notable event took place November 14, 1910. The officers elected were as follows: Otho Enyert, President, Harold Rogers, Vice-President, Mildred Towle, Secretary, Esther Zimmerman, Treasurer.

Regular monthly meetings were held. Our dues are ten cents. We chose purple and white for our class colors. These meetings did not prove to be so very peaceful as the rest of the school seemed extremely anxious to know what the Freshmen were doing. Therefore we performed before large audiences.

Such has been life in the Freshman year. The time flew by, finally, we commenced the long-talked-of "Solid Session." Christmas came and went and with it a vacation of one week which was welcomed by all. We came back after New Year's filled with good resolutions and a wild desire to get into the new High School building. At last this long-looked-for event happened. On Monday, January 30, we moved, and we were glad that we were not Seniors, for we could look forward to three more happy years of school.

As we glance back over these things we do not feel that our first year has been a failure, nor do we hate to think of it for we have had many "good times." It seemed hard at first to be the laughing stock of the school but now we are looking forward to the time when we can get even, when the Class of '15 will be our victims.

CHARLOTTE TOWLE.

ROLL CALL

Dempster Beatty
Lillie Bolis
George Byrkit
Frances Doutel
Harold Gardner
Seth Ingleright
Leroy Kellam
Hazel Martin
Eulalie Miller
Dorothy Noyes
Helen Seifert
Elbridge Studley
Ruth Sutherland
Armida Swayne
Hazel Yawkey

The Descent of the Dean's Mantle

A COLLEGE STORY

THERE was a swift patter of feet up the stairs and through the hall. The next instant Alice Pease bounced breezily in upon her room-mate, Rebecca Armstrong, upsetting in her progress a dish containing some choice zoological specimens belonging to the latter and leaving formaldehyde and dismay in her wake.

"Oh, Becky darling, I'm awfully sorry," hastening to sop up the ruin with her Junior cap. "I'll catch you some more bugs just like those and pickle them but you see I'm so excited"—rescuing Rebecca's Calculus from the general flood.

"Oh, don't mention it! I hadn't noticed anything unusual in your entrance," replied Rebecca, deftly collecting whatever remained of the specimens with a skill which showed former experiences along that line. "What rule is to suffer the fracture this time?"

Alice giggled estatically.

"Becky, you *are* a dear and—and a seer. You save my modest and retiring soul such stacks of embarrassing explanations.

"Well," settling herself in the one easy chair which the room afforded and sniffing critically at the Junior cap, "to roll the burden off my guilty soul at once, it's the eighth. I'm going to give the boys of my table an oyster supper here at Mrs. Stone's tonight at 9:30."

" 'Miss Pease,' " she continued in mock imitation of the tone of the dean, Miss Marsten, rolling her grey eyes in mock solemnity at the staring and awestricken Rebecca, " 'I am exceedingly pained at this latest evidence of your total disregard for authority.' Don't you see my plumes tremble?" she added, shaking her head crowned by the Junior cap, with the familiar air which was wont to set all the plumes a-tremble on the well-known hat of the worthy dean. Alice and Rebecca sometimes discussed the question whether or not the dean slept in that beplumed hat since she was never seen without it. Alice wondered if it was here *ex officio* and called it the dean's mantle.

"Alice Pease!" finally gasped Rebecca. "You don't mean it!"

"Don't you ever think I don't mean it!" echoed Alice, clasping her hands round her knees and rocking back and forth with very evident enjoyment of her companion's consternation.

"That will make only *six* rules I've broken this week, Rebecca Armstrong. Now you know," with mock expostulation, "I never stop short of ten in that time. If you want to shuffle off, etc., by grinding, that's your privilege, but as for me," rising impressively and putting her hand on her heart, "give me fractured rules or give me death."

This touch of the dramatic proved too much for Rebecca's risibles, and the force of the remonstrance which followed was utterly without effect.

"You know that little spread to the foot-ball boys the Stralton Club girls tried to give on the Q. T." apparently with the idea of doing her duty by her misguided room-mate.

"Did you ever hear who put the mouse into Nell Bentley's room?" "or who hid the chapel hymn books for a week, or who furnished the paint for that late lamented '09 on the gable of the gym? 'nay, conscript fathers,'" with a most oratorical sweep of the sopping Junior cap which sent Rebecca's eyeshade flying across the room, "'but we still harbor that enemy within these sacred walls.'"

"Banquo's ghost would be nothing in comparison with the spectres of your misdeeds, if you had a conscience," retorted Rebecca adjusting the rescued eyeshade. "And you may just keep that mop at a proper distance. It's bad enough when," she concluded quickly, as Alice showed unmistakable signs of further oratorical efforts, "is the festal board to be spread."

"'I am always pleased to note a kindly interest in the affairs of others,'" mimicked Alice, straightening up primly, and wickedly shaking her head again with so exact an imitation of Miss Marston's Saturday-afternoon-lecture-air that by an uncontrollable giggle Rebecca owned herself defeated.

"Now, Becky dear," lapsing into her usual tone, "don't think the dean's mantle has descended on you. You can't live up to the part."

"You see it was this way," the conspirator went on, "we had oysters for supper up at the hall and Teddy Barnes said after supper that he hadn't had enough. I told him to bring some up here tonight and I'd cook them for him. Just for fun, you know."

"Oh, surely. Never dreamed he'd take you up," murmured Rebecca. "Wouldn't be like Teddy, you know."

"Becky you're just horrid when you're sarcastic and if you don't stop I shan't tell you another thing."

"Don't know but what I'd survive the deprivation," complacently remarked Rebecca, reaching up on the book-shelf for a French history with such an air of unconcern that Alice capitulated, and seizing her about the waist forced her on to the lounge, thumped down two pillows on top of her struggling companion, seated herself thereon after a judicious bounce or two, in spite of the groans issuing from beneath and triumphantly but breathlessly inquired, "Will you be glad to welcome the revelations of the party in power?"

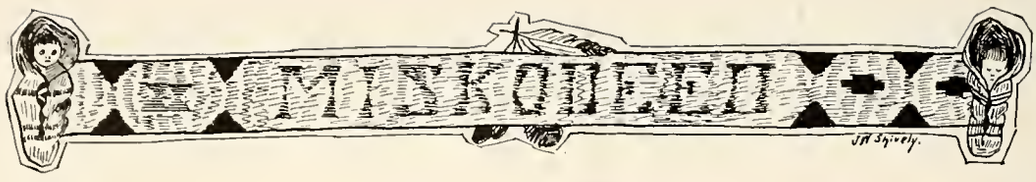
"Um-um," groaned Rebecca smotheringly, "you're killing me. Ge-e-e-t of-f-f!"

"I take it my consort is now in a frame of mind to listen to the outpourings of a full heart," said Alice, giving a farewell pounce which elicited a final groan from the sufferer.

"Well," rolling off and allowing Rebecca to re-arrange her disordered toilet and collect a fresh supply of breath, "I couldn't ask Teddy without asking Tommy Jones, for of course he had to be with Teddy when he said that, disgustedly, and if I asked Tommy of course it would never do to leave the other boys out."

"What did Mrs. Stone say when you asked her for the kitchen and dining-room?" questioned Rebecca, rising and tucking in the last strand of hair, with an air of resignation, and giving a final twitch to her collar.

"Oh, she's all lovely. Trust me for working Mrs. Stone. Guess I haven't been in the business for three years without knowing how to circumvent landladies."



"Well, don't expect me to stretch my conscience in your interests this time, that's all," cautioned Rebecca as a final venture, when Alice prepared to descend to get things in readiness. "There's hardly a bit of elasticity left in it from that last time when Miss Marsten called and you and Teddy were out walking after hours. Oh, you needn't look incredulous, she really did call. Here's her card if you don't believe it."

"'Patience has really ceased to be a virtue, with regard to you, Miss Pease. This time I feel justified in adopting severe measures. It grieves me to think what must be your respected father's feelings when he hears of this further proof of your — — — a really, Miss Pease, I must call it contempt of regulations,'" was Alice's response to this caution, delivered with such perfect impersonation that Rebecca had visions of nodding plumes, and weakly giggled.

"It just ought to be done!" she exclaimed an hour later, vigorously banging together the covers of her Calculus which for the last twenty minutes had not been particularly absorbing, owing perhaps to the numerous rings of the doorbell and the savory smells which were now creeping up from below. "Alice Pease deserves a good scare and it wouldn't do Teddy Barnes or that little stick of a Tommy Jones a bit harm to catch their breath once in a while. Anyway my ribs ache yet from that squeezing Alice gave me."

Five minutes later Rebecca was busily engaged in overhauling the bottom of her trunk.

"I'm sure,—oh, I just hope I have it here," she murmured, stuffily, as she held up the increasing pile of last summer's wardrobe with one hand

"U-m-m, at the bottom of the heap," she finally gasped and dropped on the floor beside the trunk holding up an old Leghorn hat, denuded of its trimmings.

"It will do, Becky dear," she said a moment later, apostrophizing herself. "Alice Pease won't be over-scrutinizing tonight, and I can just slip down now while she's busy and be sure the gas is turned low in the parlor."

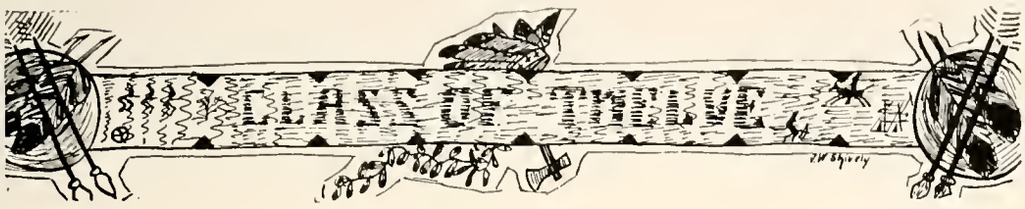
"I do hate to take those plumes off my new hat," she mumbled ten minutes later, with her mouth full of pins, as she snipped vigorously at the adornments in question, "but I just haven't enough of the old ones. I'll have to have Madame Moniter sew them on again, but anyway, it's in a good cause."

The next instant there was what looked like the avalanche of a small millinery department under the study table as Alice whirled in exclaiming "Becky, O, Becky! Where's your little white apron? Let me have it, there's a dear. Mine's in the wash you know and the boys have all come."

"You'll find it in the right hand corner of the second dresser drawer," calmly replied Rebecca, whose interest in Calculus at that moment would have surprised good old Prof. Jardan.

"Ghosts of my former experiencee!" she breathed the next moment, dodging under the table in quest of the scattered materials, "that was more than a close shave. It was drawing blood."

"Miss M, to a T." was her verdict as she surveyed the final effect after ten minutes rapid work. "I do hope those plumes will stand a few shakes. That's the important part. That's what will scare."



A few trial shakes, as a test, gave the artist such gratifying assurance of future success that she giggled rapturously while she pinned on the hat and quickly donned a long black cape, the rolling collar of which she turned up well around her face.

"If Alice Pease doesn't see herself going home on the 6:20 train tomorrow morning enroute with Teddy and all the rest for a two month o'vacation," she said to the reflection in the glass, with a farewell wave of the hand in which she clutched Miss Marsten's calling card, "it will be because her imagination's paralyzed and not because you're a failure. Now I wonder if I can get down those front stairs and out of that front door without their hearing me?"

"Lucky for me that hall light is turned low. Mrs. Stone looked out for that," she whispered softly to herself a moment later, peering down into the semi-gloom of the hall. "U-m-m," she added, slipping cautiously down to the second landing, "if Her Plumes *should* take it into her head to walk this way tonight that pile of caps and overcoats might be difficult to explain. Awfully careless of Alice."

The next moment she shrank back with beating heart into the darkest corner of the landing as Teddy Barnes hastily opened the dining-room door into the hall and dived his hand into the pocket of an overcoat depending from the hall-tree.

"I'm certain I'll never die of heart failure," was her next comment, as she leaned against the side of the front steps to catch her breath. "If Teddy had looked up and seen me coming down those front stairs it would have been all off with me."

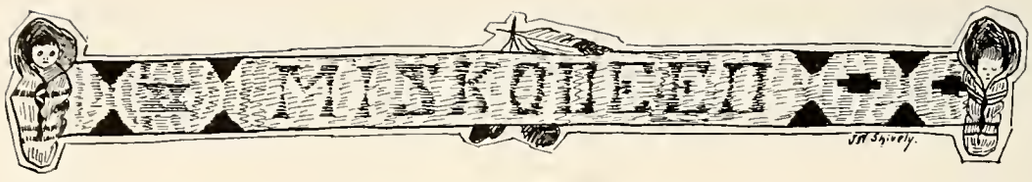
"I wish," she murmured next as she edged carefully around the house towards the dining-room windows with a wary eye on the street and keeping in the shadow of the house as much as possible, that that pesky light on the corner wasn't so bright. I don't care to linger out here very long. Hope those dining-room shades are not drawn clear down. I want to take them red handed and oyster filled."

"Shades of our respected Faculty!" she breathed a moment later as she peeped through a providential inch of space at the bottom of the window shade upon the joyous company assembled around the table. "Ellsworth Channing, Soph! And Jensen Burroughs, the bulwark of our College and a mighty Senior! Wouldn't Prexy stare to see him here. And Teddy at the right hand of our radiant hostess, of course." She craned her neck to get a better view of the other members of the party. "Oh, yes, Wally McMasters and Tommy Jones, Freshies. Well, misery and oyster suppers make strange bedfellows. I think it's about time I burst in upon that hilarity."

The next instant she brought up against the side of the house with a dull thump, having forgotten in the stress of the moment the wire with which Mrs. Stone guarded her chrysanthemum bed from the ravages of dogs and chickens. She paused fearfully in the shadow of the house but the sounds of merriment continued undimished. Giving one final glance up the deserted street she walked with firm tread up the front steps and porch to the front door and pressed the electric button.

She listened intently. The sounds of revelry from the dining room which had reached her ears faintly before at once ceased. There was a short scraping sound as of chairs moved back from the table, then an ominous silence.

"Wonder how those oysters taste now?" tittered Rebecca, as she stretched forth an exulting forefinger and once more touched the button.



She even prolonged this operation with increasing glee. "Perhaps they'll not venture to let me in," she said.

The next moment, however, the dining room door into the hall creaked and Rebecca heard slow steps approaching the front door. She had just time to give a final touch to the high collar about her cheeks when the door opened and the startled face of Mrs. Stone appeared in that aperture.

Rebecca drew herself up haughtily and stretched forth a slender black gloved hand with the fatal bit of pasteboard to the landlady. "Miss Pease, — at once," she murmured with all the severity she could command.

She rustled impressively after the nervous landlady into the parlor and seated herself with utter dignity in the chair which that unhappy lady assigned to her. The gas, she noted with inward satisfaction, was just as she had left it. She felt a half-hysterical inclination to laugh as she awaited the appearance of Alice.

She listened, amusedly, for a moment, to protesting murmurs from the dining room, then to the lagging footsteps approaching through the gloom of the back parlor. The next moment the recreant Alice stood framed in the darkened archway between the two rooms, grasping with one hand the portiere at her side. Her face was pale but she stood with squared shoulders, uptossed chin, and bright defiant eyes.

The two girls surveyed each other an instant and Alice's eyes fell. Rebecca waved an authorative hand towards the davenport.

"Pray be seated, Miss Pease," she said icily.

Alice raised her eyes, hesitated a moment, then dropped on the davenport. She looked down nervously for a moment on her tightly clasped hands, then shot a glance full of trepidation at the stately figure opposite crowned with the beplumed hat. She grasped at the arm of the davenport and swallowed hard.

Rebecca cleared her throat impressively.

"I need hardly say, Miss Pease," she began in tones in which the culprit might have detected several tremors had she not been so greatly perturbed, "I am exceedingly shocked and pained at this latest evidence of your total disregard of authority."

"I, — I," began the now trembling Junior.

"No excuses, Miss Pease," was the stern rejoinder. Rebecca began to feel that her greatest safety lay in short speeches.

"Patience has really ceased to be a virtue, with regard to you," went on the voice, but with most un-Miss-Marston-like little catches. This time I feel justified in adopting severe measures."

There was a pause. Alice was dimly sensible of a feeling of familiarity as the next words fell on her ears. "It grieves me to think what must be your respected father's feelings when he hears of this further proof of your"—

The sob, unmistakable as to character and violence, which burst from the victim at this point, was almost instantly followed by an explosive burst of laughter which brought Alice staring to her feet only to be whirled gaily around by the excited Rebecca while in an ignominious heap on the floor lay the discarded cape and the terrifying hat.

"I won't deny it was a success for you, Becky," said Alice an hour later with a reminiscent shudder, in a voice which recalled a recent fit of hysterics. "It was a fright, now I tell you. Even Teddy'll admit that. And," resolutely, "Rebecca Armstrong, I'm going to reform. One attack of delirium tremens ought to be enough for anyone."

M. E. S.

Organization

The Philosophian Society

President, Edward Giblett
Vice-President, Elmer Hawkins
Secretary, Isadore Barnhart
Treasurer, Aline McQuillen

Glenn Babcock
Dorothy Baker
Madge Boles
Ruth Bortner
Marcella Buckel
Robert Burnett
Phoebe Chandler
Bessie Cobb
Erma Cocoanower
James Cook
Walter Crumley
Alice Culp
Elizabeth Duckwall
Warren Edwards
Katheyrn Eger
Otho Enyert
Florence Fuller
Harold Garner
Otto Gartner
Lucile Gernhart
Irving Giel
Ruth Harris
Pauline Hawk
Earl Huston
Hazel Johnson
Clarence Kamm
Marguerite Kaufman
John Kemp
Madge Kizer
Lewis Lang

Georgia Large
Genevieve Luce
Edwin McCollum
Estella Matz
Mary Miller
Nellie Miller
Iva Ostrander
Harold Rogers
Zilpah Rosenstein
Minnie Shalliol
Dana Schied
Carl Selner
Clara Selner
Clark Sherbahn
Albert Stoehr
Grace Stuller
Joseph Stuller
Jeanette Swayne
Nita Swayne
Ruby Sweitzer
Charlotte Towle
Charles Tramer
Paul Weimer
Cecil Wells
Marie West
Marguerite White
Beatrice Woodward
Mattie Young
Esther Zimmerman

The Philosophian Literary Society

FOR years in the history of the High School it had been the custom to give short literary programs, or "Lyceums," as they were called, during the school year, participated in by the pupils of the school. It finally became a fixed rule that every pupil must take part at least once each year. It was the wearisome task of the principal to prepare the programs and make them of equal importance and interest. But Lyceum became an irksome duty instead of a pleasure and means were sought by which to create interest among the pupils and also to relieve the principal of this responsibility.

So, shortly after the opening of the school year, in the fall of 1910, a plan was adopted which has proven to be very satisfactory. This plan was that two societies be organized to promote the literary interests of the high school. Steps were taken immediately to divide the pupils according to ability. The constitutions were then drawn up and officers elected. The names "Philosophian" and "Adelphosophian', Literary Societies, were given to the two. But as we are concerned only with the doings of the Philosophians, I will not mention those of the Adelphosophians.

A feeling of rivalry sprang up from the very first between the two and the members of the program committees were continually trying to outdo the others in arranging interesting programs. But the "Phils" were fortunate in having Miss Alice Culp for chairman of their committee, as was shown by their excellent programs gotten up under her supervision.

Other points of interest are the fine parliamentary drills which the members engage in frequently and the "Philosophian Pandora" is worthy of notice. It is edited by the members and contains editorials on world-topics of the day, besides reviewing the high school events.

The society has a number of talented members in it, along several different lines. Mr. Elmer Hawkins, vice-president of the society, and Lewis Lang, have both shown their interest in public affairs and also their ability as writers by their excellent papers on "Current Events." President Edward Giblett, Glenn Babcock, Edwin McCollum and Paul Weimer represent the society in its debates and oratorical contests. The Misses Madge Boles and Ruby Sweitzer have distinguished themselves by their excellent reading. The society also has a great number of musicians. Miss Alice McQuillen, the pianist, Miss Alice Culp, vocal artist, and Paul Weimer, cornetist, furnish the musical numbers of the programs.

Thus we can see what a great future is in store for the society and may it prosper in future years as it has in its first year of organization.

A PHILOSOPHIAN.

The Adelphosohian Society

Earl Prahl, President
Leslie Morehouse, Vice-President
Madeline Woodward, Secretary
Crystal Hartsock, Treasurer
Donald McCollum, Sergeant-at-Arms

Alpha Balsley
Oswald Behse
Marie Boles
Norma Bortner
Esther Brown
Isabelle Buckheit
Helen Buel
Gonnitta Burkhart
Margaret Burnett
William Cole
Gertrude Cuddahy
Clarence Culp
Marie Curtis
Onner Davis
Serena De Groote
Leona Distler
Margaret Dundon
Gladys Elliot
Raymond Emerson
Clinton Felton
Amanda Fischmann
Herman Fries
Floyd Fulmer
Gladys Garner
Myrtle Gebhart
Maxwell Golden
Dorothy Harlin
Cora Harrington
Lilian Hunt
Marie Johnson
Sherrill Kiskadden
Vita Lewis
Charles Lott
Garfield Lovell
Virginia McKinley
Helen McQuillen
Iva Middleton
Clyde Miller
Eula Minzey
Anna Monhaut
Elmer Moon
Claude Moran
Agnes Myres
Edith Petcher
William Plotner
Ralph Powell
Emma Raifsnyder
Bernice Reeder
Ray Russ
Eugene Shearer
Philip Stockinger
Stella Swinehart
Violet Todd
Mildred Towle
Beatrice Treadway
LeRoy Treadway
Rhoda Witwer

The Adelphosophian Society

THE ultimate aim of the Adelphosophian Literary Society has been to promote a greater interest in the literary and musical programs given by the school, and to systematize the preparation and execution of the work. The excellent programs given during the year by the Society exemplify how well it has succeeded.

The Society organized Nov. 3rd, 1910, with the following officers:

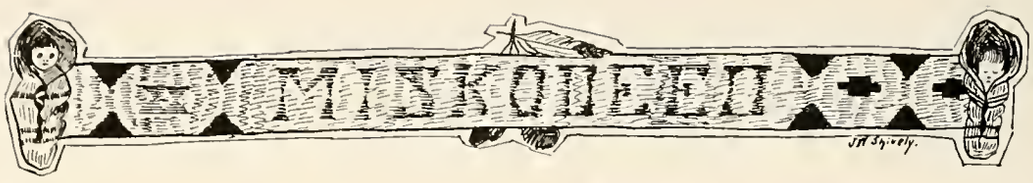
President, E. V. Prahl.
Vice President, Leslie C. Morehouse.
Secretary, Crystal M. Hartsock.
Treasurer, Madeline Woodward.
Sergeant-at-Arms, C. M. Culp.

The membership consists of some of the best musical and literary talent in the school and the programs given during the year have proven very interesting and beneficial.

The "Adelphosophian Review" was established with L. C. Morehouse, Editor, and Onner D. Davis, Assistant. The paper deals with current events, and the serious and amusing incidents of the school. It has formed one of the most interesting features of the programs and inspired the members of the other society to achieve a like degree of popularity by a similar publication; but the "Review" stands unparalleled in the journalistic circles of the school.

At the beginning of the second semester another election of officers was held. The president and vice-president were re-elected, the former secretary was elected treasurer, and vice versa. Donald McCollum was elected assistant sergeant-at-arms.

The Adelphosophian Society has been established on a firm basis and promises to develop into one of the leading literary organizations of the city.



The M. H. S. Athletic and Oratorical Association

WITH the organization of the Mishawaka High School Athletic and Oratorical Association, athletics in the school received an impetus that will be felt thru the ensuing year.

At the beginning of the second semester of the school year of '10, the boys in athletics felt the need of an organization that should promote athletics and provide funds also. They applied to Mr. Nuner for advice and he, with the aid of Mr. Humiston, drew up a constitution and by-laws which, when put before the school, proved highly satisfactory, and were immediately accepted. Officers were then elected as follows: C. A. Neusbaum, President. G. Service, Vice President, Vesta Tupper, Secretary, Mr. Nuner, Treasurer, and Mr. Humiston, Mgr. These officers served faithfully and placed the organization on a running basis.

Two weeks before the close of the semester a new board of officers was elected: Onner Davis, President, Edward Giblett, Vice President, Aline McQuillen, Secretary, Mr. Nuner, Treasurer, and Mr. Humiston, Manager.

At the beginning of the first semester of the school year of '11, the board instituted a membership campaign between the boys and girls, the winner to be entertained at a banquet by the loser. The campaign proved to be a very enthusiastic and satisfactory one, and at the end of three weeks, when closed, it was found that every member of the school was a member of the Association. It was decided then to hold an entertainment for the entire school, each member being assessed equally. On Dec. 6th the entertainment was held in the Annex Christian Association parlors. The large body of students were first entertained at a Basket-ball game between the two girls' teams. Refreshments and a social time were then enjoyed after which the first effort of the present school-body along dramatic lines was produced in the auditorium. As the majority of the students were present a mass meeting was then held, a yell-master elected, and after some rousing yells for the good old M. H. S. the crowd dispersed.

Later in the term it was decided to award letters for meritorious work in athletics. A committee was appointed to decide what should be necessary to obtain the letters. After several heated discussions the committee submitted certain proposals which, after several weeks of debate, were adopted by the association. Letters, block "M's" were then awarded to Culp, Fries, Gartner, Enyert, Edward, and Cole.

The Basket-ball season now began and as there were no suits for the men the Association voted money to purchase suitable uniforms. The Basket-ball season was very profitable, the suits were paid for and about $60.00 was left in the treasury. Letters, English "M's", were awarded to the following players: C. M. Culp, Capt., Huston, Gartner, Giblett, Tramer and Fries.

Attention now turned to base ball and again new suits and equipment were needed but as little or no money would be left in the treasury after the purchase, Giblett called for personal subscriptions and $15.00 was raised, making it possible to purchase all the equipment and incidentals necessary for the base ball season.

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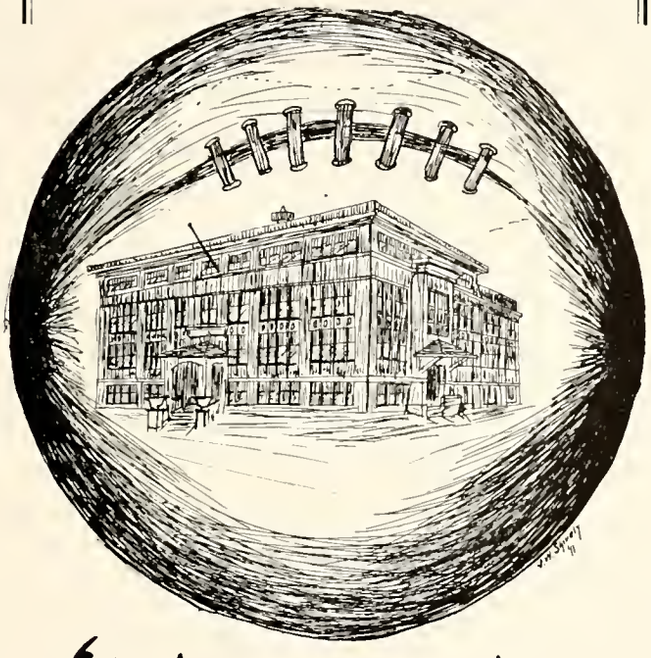
FOOT BALL



'10 - 11

ıe M. H. S. Athletic and Oratorical Association

WITH the organization of the Mishawaka High School Athleti and Oratorical Association, athletics in the school received a impetus that will be felt the ensuing year.

FOOTBALL—

Cole '13
Culp '12
Enyert '14
Edwards '13
Fries '11
Gartner '11

BASKET-BALL—

Culp '12
Fries '11
Gartner '11
Giblett '11
Huston '12
Tramer '13

FOOT BALL

Football

THE football team that M. H. S. turned out last fall was the best in several years past. The squad, tho lacking in quantity, made up in quality.

The first game of the season with Elkhart was lost on "flukes." Not disheartened, the squad was put in shape for the Interlaken game, which was played at LaPorte and, the game being generally conceded to the LaPorte school on account of its superior weight, few M. H. S. followers attended. The tide had turned, however, and Interlaken fell before the Maroon and White, in the best game of the season.

With enthusiasm at a high pitch the Niles high school team was met on the home gridiron and was held to a tie, neither team scoring.

Weakened by the necessity of filling the fullback position with Cole, a line man, and by Culp's bad shoulder, the backfield was "put on the blink," but it was only after a hard fight that Winona Assemby won the last game of the season.

Taking everything into consideration, the season was a remarkable one for M. H. S.

SCHEDULE

		M. H. S.	
Oct. 8.	Elkhart High School—at Elkhart,	0	18
Oct. 15.	Interlaken Academy—at LaPorte,	15	8
Oct. 29.	Niles High School—at Mishawaka,	0	0
Nov. 6.	Winona Academy—at Warsaw,	0	17

Comment

Mishawaka certainly had a good backfield with Captain "Ed" Giblett at full, "Hermie" Fries at left half, "Mutt" Culp at right half and "Baldy" Tramer at quarter.

"Ed" and "Hermie" showed remarkable line-hitting qualities.

The "Mutt" shone more especially at long spectacular passes, and "Baldy" was always under those same passes, the second they came within hailing distance. He ran his team with wonderful precision.

"Bonehead" Gartner played a consistent game at left end, breaking up many end runs which seemed an assured success.

"Enyert," although a very little "man" and a Freshman, made good, certainly, at right end getting into the plays before the larger men could get under way.

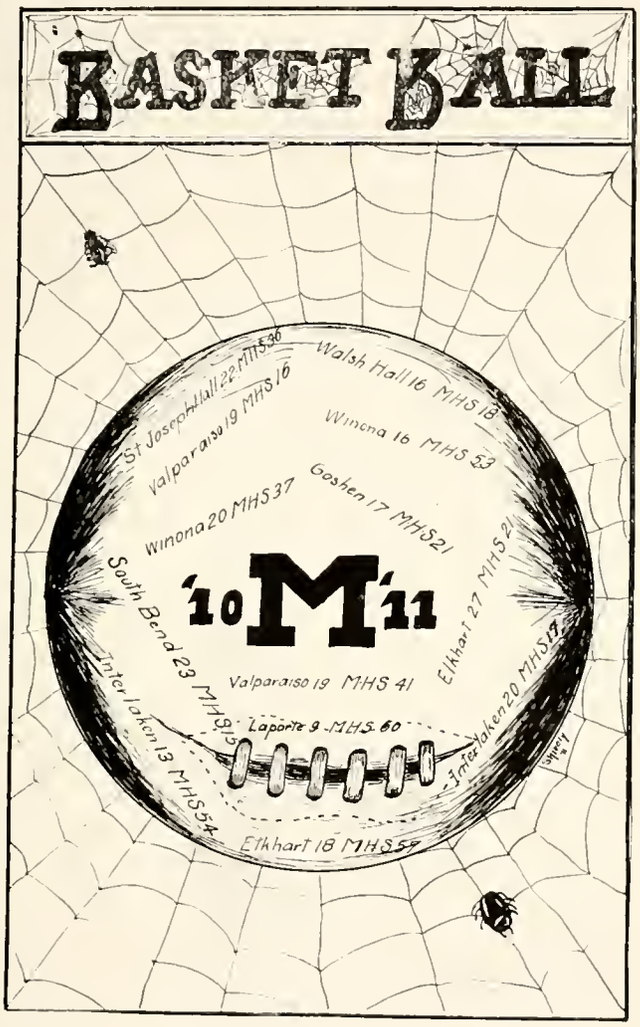
"Jersey" Edwards and "Bill" Cole played the games that "made them famous" at left and right tackle, respectively. "Jersey" was never known to miss his man, but usually got him by the narrowest margin, a sweater-tail or pants-leg affording him an unbreakable hold.

"Rusty" Russ, "Farmer" Emerson and "Bill" Plotner, all Freshmen and all new at the game, made good showings in the guard positions. Emerson, without doubt, will be a great football man in the near future.

Huston at center was a tower of strength, his passing being excellent and his open field tackling exceptional.

"Skinny" Garner substituting at end and guard in the early part of the season, but out with a bad rib after the Interlaken game, showed bursts of speed which surprised his teammates.

With seven or eight of these men in next year's line-up, the outlook is very promising.


BASKET BALL
St Joseph Hall 22 MHS 30
Walsh Hall 16 MHS 18
Valparaiso 19 MHS 16
Winona 16 MHS 23
Winona 20 MHS 37
Goshen 17 MHS 21
'10 M '11
South Bend 23 MHS 19
Elkhart 27 MHS 21
Valparaiso 19 MHS 41
Laporte 9 MHS 60
Inter Laken 13 MHS 54
Inter Laken 20 MHS 14
Elkhart 18 MHS 57

Basket Ball for '10-'11

IN this popular indoor sport the results of the season have more than realized the expectations of our High School "rooters" and their friends. The outlook for this season was exceedingly bright inasmuch as only one valuable man of last year's team graduated, and every position on the team was filled by a veteran. It is due to this fact that new material has not shown up like it has in other years, tho Fries, as a senior, came out for the first time this year and made the team, indeed, he is as good as any man on the team.

The new "gym" was not completed untill late, giving us a tardy start on the schedule and causing the season to extend far into spring. However the time was made up when we did get on the floor and some of the stiffest practice games ever played here, were seen then. The gymnasium is the best in any Northern Indiana High School, being about seventy-five feet long by forty feet wide, with a ceiling fifteen feet high. The lighting system is excellent, there being fifteen cluster with four lights in each and each cluster is protected by a heavy wire screen. The school board installed seats with a capacity of two hundred and fifty people. Two good showers are connected with the "gym."

The Athletic Association provided good suits for the team. They consisted of maroon shirts with a white English "M," white pants, maroon and white stockings and kangaroo leather shoes. The team not only presented a nice appearance on the floor but were able to play better by being suitably dressed.

As a favor to the team Mr. R. I. Williams, an "old Wabash man," coached the team and its remarked success was due to his patient work of hammering the best out of each man. It is not known for a surety, but the fellows are working for Mr. Williams as a "Prof" next year.

At the beginning of the season the state was divided up into twelve districts, the champion team of each district to represent it in a championship meet to be held at Bloomington on Mar. 10-11. We beat everything that our old rivals, South Bend, did, except Elkhart, who put it over us by a raw deal. Then we played South Bend at Notre Dame and were beaten 23-15; South Bend having the right, thereby, to represent this district.

It is hard to speak of the work of any individual as better than that of his team-mates. Gartner's work as floor man and basket shot was equalled by Tramer's ability to dodge his opponents and shoot the basket, and we think we are safe in claiming that few high school teams can show a better pair of forwards than these.

Huston's work at guard was very good as was also that of Fries, but Huston's experience made him a shade the better man. Culp's playing was remarkable, as many a forward has learnt to his sorrow. Giblett, our center, was a good player and score-raiser. Kiskadden and Edwards of the Sophomore class played in a couple of games and will probably make the team next year.

The attendance at all the games was good, the proceeds paying for the suits and leaving a nice balance in the treasury.

LINE-UP

L. F., Tramer. R. F., Gartner.
C., Giblett.
L. G., Huston and Fries. R. G., Culp, Capt.

Substitutes

Kiskadden, Edwards, McCollum.

SCHEDULE

			PLACE
M. H. S.	23	Alumni 16	at Mishawaka
"	36	St. Joseph Hall 22	at "
"	21	Elkhart 26	at Elkhart
"	18	Walsh 16	at Mishawaka
"	57	Winona 18	at "
"	53	Elkhart 16	at "
"	37	Winona 20	at Winona
"	17	Interlaken 20	at Interlaken
"	15	South Bend 23	at Notre Dame
"	16	Valparaiso 19	at Valparaiso
"	58	Interlaken 13	at Mishawaka
"	41	Valparaiso 19	at "
"	21	Goshen 17	at "
"	60	La Porte 9	at "
Total:		M. H. S. 473	Opponents 254

Girls' Basket Ball

AFTER a lapse of several years, the girls have taken up basket ball again, practicing in the old high school building until the new "gym" was finished. Even under the disadvantages of the old building they worked faithfully, so, when they came to the new floor, they were ready for business, so to speak.

In the beginning they decided on boys' rules, as their own game was too slow to suit them, but when they started to arrange a schedule, other teams were found to be using girls' rules; of course this necessitated the changing of their style of play. Being used to the boys' game and lacking a competent coach, they didn't progress as rapidly as could have been desired, and, on going to Warsaw, they sustained a defeat.

This trip persuaded the girls to play no more out-of-town games, but to devote themselves to inter-class games. This decision is much favored by the favored by the faculty and the school, as we don't wish our girls to become as bold as the Warsaw bunch, (No, Never!).

In the team, there was excellent material and it could have been brought out by good coaching. Marguerite White, the captain, was the best; being able to throw and shoot baskets nearly as well as a boy and if girls played the boys' game, she would be called a star floor forward. Norma Bortner comes next with accurate basket shooting and steady playing. Pauline Hawk, Ruth Sutherland, Alice Culp, Ruth Bortner, and Bertille Hirdelang are in about the same class, being very good. Among the scrubs, Virginia McKinley and Bernice Reeder are the most promising.

M.H.S
10-11

The "Yells" of M. H. S.

Alleveva! Alleveva!
Alleveva vum!
Boom! Get a rat-trap!
Bigger than a cat-trap!
Boom! Boom!
Cannibal! Cannibal!
Zip! Boom! Bah!
Mishawaka High School!
Rah! Rah! Rah!

M. H. S. Ra! Ra!
M. H. S. Ra! Ra!
Hoo Ra! Hoo Ra!
M. H. S. Ra! Ra!

Um — — — —
Aw — — — —
(Whistle) ————
Mishawaka!

(*Locomotive*)

Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah! (Adagio)
Mish-a-wa-ka! Mish-a-wa-ka!
Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah! (Allegro)
Mish-a-wa-ka! Mishawaka!
Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah! (Prestissimo)
Mishawaka! Mishawaka!
High Schoo — !!

FRESHIE YELL

Rah! Rah! Rah!
Ma! Ma! Ma!
Pa! Pa! Pa!
Help!

(*Song*)

It's victory! It's victory!
The team is on the floor,
And they're piling up the score!
While it's victory! It's victory!
It's victory now and will be for evermore!

Wigga, wigga, hoe potato,
Half past, alligator,
Ram, ram, bulawigga
Chickawah, Daw!
Mishawaka High School!
Rah! Rah! Rah!

One-a-zippa, two-a-zippa,
Three-a-zippa, zam!
Four-a-zippa, five-a-zippa,
We don't give a—whoop-a-laca!
Whoopalaca! Whoopalaca-la!
Mishawaka High School!
Rah! Rah! Rah!

Yoe-tre-umphry! Yoh-tre-umphry!
Haben! Swaben! Rebecca! Leonomore!
De whoop! De whoop! De shell! De vere!
De whinity whack! De lda Paw!
Con-Slobbidy! ah dab Rah!
Mishawaka, Rah!

Oski-wow-wow!
Wiski-wee-wee!
Oli muckii!
Oli varsiti!
Mishawakii! Rah!

Ya hah! Ya hah! Ya hah, hah, hah!
Mishawaka! Mishawaka!
Rah! Rah! Rah!
Mishawaka! Mishawaka!
That's our cry!
V-i-c-t-o-r-y!

(*Song*)

Hail to the team so valiant!
Hail to the conquering heroes!
Hail! Hail! to M. H. S.
The champions of I. N. D.

BASE BALL

Base Ball in 1911

THE base ball prospects are the brightest since '07, when the team defeated South Bend High at Springbrook Park in an extra inning. Since that time the school has been unable to turn out a good team because of lack of material. This year, however, all the old men are back except C. Neusbaum; they are Gartner, Huston, Giblett, Edwards, Garner, Moran, Kiskadden and Culp. A trio of likely looking freshmen are Treadway, Giel and Englewright; the first two are fielders, the last is a backstop and will take Culp's place behind the bat. He is a good catcher and hitter but lacks experience. Treadway and Giel are handy with the stick also.

In the first game of the season at LaPorte, L. P. H. S. won with a score 8—1, but it was a better game than the score would show, most of our opponents' runs benig gathered in two bad innings, with some costly errors and a few bunched hits. The errors were due to a lack of good practice as the home grounds are not in good condition yet. The number of hits off each pitcher was five but Giblett gave more passes than his opponent. Culp, who led the team in batting last year with an average of .411, failed to secure a hit; he also bobbled twice out of five chances.

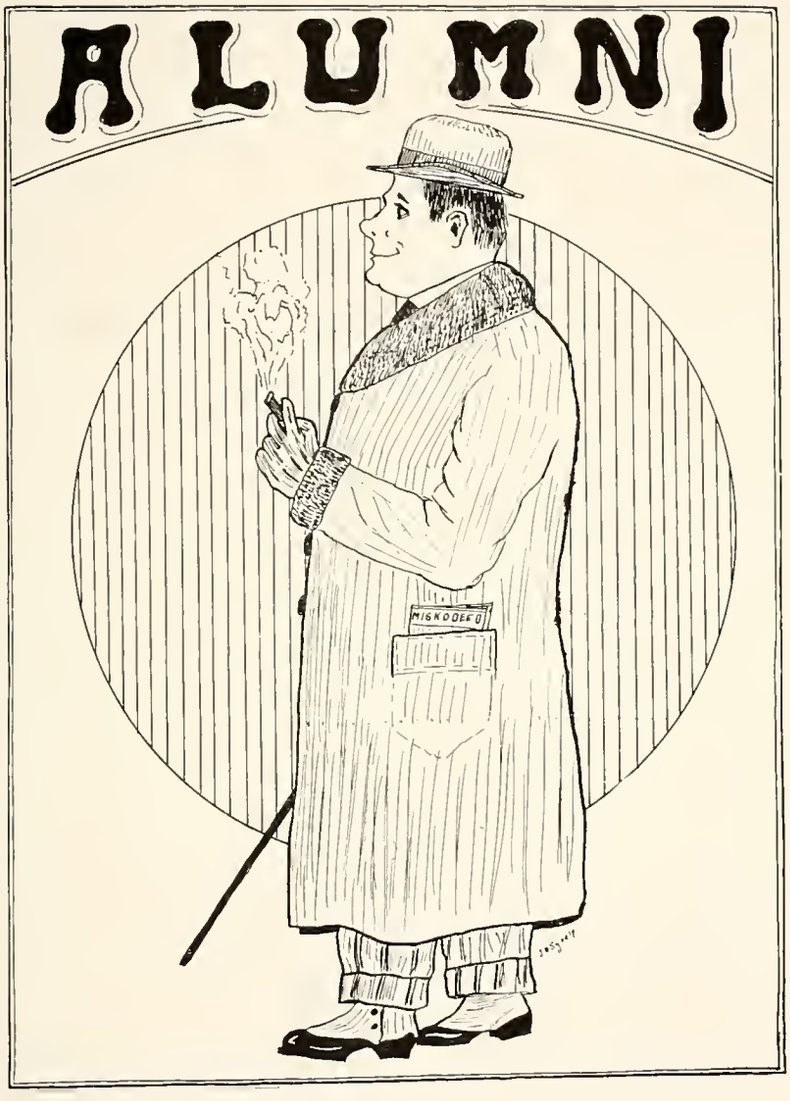
The A. A. furnished the team with suits this year; they are blue-gray, trimmed in maroon.

LINE-UP

Pitcher, Giblett.
Catcher, Englewright.
1st Base, Huston.
2nd Base, Gartner, Capt.
Shortstop, Culp.
3rd Base, Warren Edwards.
Fielders, McCollum,
Giel,
Moran,
Garner,
Treadway,
Byrkit,
Kiskadden.

SCHEDULE

April 15. LaPorte High School at LaPorte.
April 20. Woodland High School at Mishawaka.
April 29. Interlaken High School at Interlaken.
May 4. South Bend High School at Mishawaka.
May 20. Brownson Hall at Mishawaka.
May 25. Elkhart High School at Elkhart.


ALUMNI
MISKODEE

Alumni Association of the Mishawaka High School

THE ALUMNI ASSOCIATION of the Mishawaka High School, may be a stranger to a great many, but we wish to emphatically state that it exists and will make itself known in the future, Its re-organization dates from 1910, and from the enthusiasm then shown, we believe that much good will be accomplished through its efforts.

In October, 1882, the Alumni of the Mishawaka High School, then numbering thirteen, met at the old High School Building for the purpose of organizing an Alumni Association. The following officers were elected:

Miss Ella Skerrit (Mrs. W. E. Butterworth, City) President.
Mr. Ed. Byrkit, City, Vice President.
Miss Anna Boyd, (Mrs. Will Crawford, La Porte) Secretary.
Miss Ella Boyd, (Mrs. Robt. McKnight, City) Treasurer.

The organization prospered no longer than December of that same year, from which time until July, 1884, there are no records of meetings. At this time the Association again became active, and continued so for many years. Meetings being held irregularly. Sometimes two in one month, and at one time two years elapsing between meetings. But there are records and memories of many stormy meetings, many receptions held in Whitson Hall for incoming classes, and many delightful festivals and parties, which took place during these years. In May, 1895, the Association welcomed the incoming class with a large reception, and this was the last meeting of any sort which was held for fifteen years.

On the 19th of May. 1910, Supt. J. F. Nuner called the Alumni together, and the Association was re-organized with much enthusiasm. The following officers were elected:

Mr. Ralph H. Jernegan, City, President.
Mr. F. A. Partridge, City, Vice President.
Mrs. W. E. Butterworth, City, Treasurer.
Miss May Woodward, City, Secretary.

On the evening of June 23rd, the Alumni Association held a well attended reception in the Bingham School Halls, at which over 100 Alumni attended besides Teachers and Board Members. Many members from out of the city were present, including the oldest High School graduate, Miss Alice Van den Bosch, (Mrs. C. W. Studebaker) South Bend, and several classes were enabled to hold complete reunions. The graduating class of 1910 was welcomed into the Association, making a total of 282 members.

Until 1909 the largest class which had ever been graduated from the Mishawaka High School was the class of 1897, with 9 boys and 7 girls. This number, sixteen, was equalled by the class of 1909. Last year's class had twenty-two graduates, which is the banner class as to number.

All graduates being Alumni of M. H. S., are requested and expected to become active members of the Alumni Association and all teachers in the schools and members of the School Board who are not graduates are invited to become Associate Members. The dues of all members are fifty (50) cents. As a graduate from the High School, it is your duty to become an active member of this Association and in this small way help pay the debt of gratitude you owe the public schools of Mishawaka.

The beautiful new High School building recently completed in front of the old building was a necessity in this City which has been growing by leaps and bounds during the last few years. We rejoice with all pupils present and future, that you are to have the advantages of a grand new building, modern in all ways. How happy would the boys in former years have been if they could have had a "gym" such as you can and should enjoy. We can remember when it was a danger to play or walk on the front lawn and to thus curb the animal spirit of young people is a wrong. The physical side of man should be developed as well as the moral and mental, and only is one well rounded when so developed. A person to be fit for life's work can ill afford to neglect his soul, his mind or his body. We have been just as proud of the wonderful basket-ball team representing M. H. S. this past year as are the High School pupils. The writer is of the firm opinion that the team is better than any they played against, South Bend not excepted.

The School Board, teachers and pupils, can depend upon the Alumni Association to be with you at any and all times when a benefit to the school is the aim. If by our efforts we can encourage pupils to continue the course, if we can in any way show them the false reasoning that could possibly prompt them to take that ill-advised step of discontinuing school and throw away one of the grandest opportunities of life, our greatest object will have been accomplished. The Alumni Association is for the school and we are interested in every pupil. We ask in return that each pupil will continue his course to completion and then unite with us that we as an organization may continue a power for good.

A Lawyer's "Case"

THE Burleigh's and the Grayson's had been neigbors, in the village of Plainfield, for three generations. John Burleigh lived in the family home with his wife and one child, Cecil. The death of David Grayson's wife, a few years after their marriage, left him with one child, a boy.

Donald Grayson and Cecil became fast friends when they first attended the village school. He always waited at the Burleigh gate, took Cecil's books and walked to school with her, never missing a day in all their twelve years of schooling. After graduating Donald went to college. Cecil, now at home, corresponded with him regularly and during those days he learned to look to Cecil for the advice and help which Mrs. Grayson would have given had she lived.

After a very successful college course, Donald returned to Plainfield, which was just beginning to feel a "boom" and was growing as only western cities can grow.

Don and Cecil had decided, in their college correspondence, that as soon as his law business was firmly established they would be married quiety by the old parson, who had married many Burleighs and Graysons, and build a home of their own. Plans for the home had been drawn, the house built and finished many times, in their letters.

At last, only a year and a half after Don hung out his "shingle" over the hardware store, he received two big cases from prominent concerns, cases for which he had hoped but never imagined he could get. His business was an assured success.

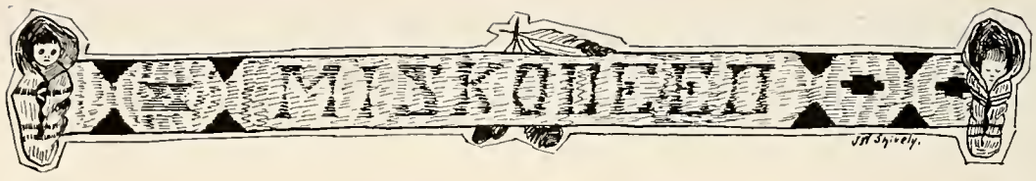
With both letters in his hand he ran down the steps and hurried to the Burleigh home. Cecil was delighted. The letters read, she said excitedly, "Come, let's tell father and mother and have it all over today." Upon entering the sitting-room Donald stated his case as briefly and as eloquently as he had ever stated a case in Court. To his surprise Mr. Burleigh looked at his wife and she stared back. "Hasn't your father told you, then?" Mr. Burleigh asked after a long pause. "What?" Don asked, "and what's my father got to do with it?"

"Oh! Don I wouldn't have let it go for a minute if I hadn't thought you knew. You and Cecil marry? You can't, boy; you're brother and sister."

"Brother and sister," Don gasped. Cecil, at first too surprised to speak, now broke out with, "Father, why haven't you told me? I can't stand it now after—." "Be quiet, girl, I'll tell you how it happened. Just about a year after we were married the Grayson's, your mother and I went over to Linden one Saturday. At the Orphans' Home there they had just had eighteen babies come from a Home in New York City. All had been taken, by town people, but two. These two were twins and they didn't want to separate them. Your mother and Mrs. Grayson fell in love with them at once and finally, after a great deal of paper signing, we took the girl and Grayson's the boy. I've meant to tell you of it but I hated to and besides I thought Grayson 'd tell Don."

After a painful silence Donald asked quietly, "What were our names?" He had his lawyer-like manner again. "We didn't change your first names at all. The last name was McIntyre," Mrs. Burleigh answered.

Don left the house without another word being said. The next morning he looked up the records of the Linden Orphans' Home. The Home had been destroyed by fire about two years after the twins had been taken and all the earlier records lost. After much discouraging search Don found an old nurse in a nearby town who had served at the Home before the fire. She remembered the name of the Home in New York



City that the babies had been sent from but nothing of the babies themselves or their records. Donald's business called him back to his office and after a month's hard work he won the first of the two cases. The second, however, would take much more preparation.

Donald saw Cecil only occasionally now for something indescribable seemed to have come between them. The work now called him to Chicago, now to Indianapolis, and at last to New York.

The afternoon of his arrival, having nothing to do until morning, he looked up the address of the Home the nurse had named. It was a high standing Rescue Home supported by the best people. Curiosity as to his identity led him to look up his record. Greatly to his surprise he found that he was the son of the minister of a little mission chapel and that because of his mother's death he had been left at the Home. On the ledger's margin were the words, "father killed in subway accident Mar. 26, 189—." Best of all, and least expected, the next page stated that he was an only son and had no living relatives. Now, excitedly, he looked up the "shipment" made to Linden Home. Linden Home had written for the "shipment" which must contain eighteen babies including a pair of twins. The twins had evidently been sent for some one who later decided not to take them, leaving them at the Home.

In the list were the names, Cecil and Donald McIntyre; Cecil was noted as No. 372, p. 27, and under the name was, "No twins in Home, sent as twins because nearly of same age and look much alike." No. 372, p. 27, gave the information, "Cecil McVane, left by poor but respectable Scotch lady of whom all traces have been lost."

Donald rushed his business thru' and took a fast train for Plainfield. He arrived at eight in the evening, left his baggage at the station and started on a run for Burleigh's. His story told and verified to Mr. Burleigh's satisfaction, by the ledger itself, Donald asked Mr. Burleigh for Cecil again, quite as if it were necessasy.

If you are ever stopping in Plainfield it will be well worth your time to walk down Grayson Avenue where, halfway between the Burleigh and Grayson residences you will see a beautiful new home. Here, perhaps, you will surprise the Hon. Donald Grayson playing, very much like an overgrown boy, with his young counterpart Donald Grayson II.

EDWIN McCOLLUM '12.

"Unto the Least of These"

HOWARD GRANDON looked at his watch for the tenth time in fifteen minutes. It was a quarter after three. Would his mother never be ready to go? He had waited for at least half an hour, and was growing very impatient.

He was a youth of eighteen, tall and dark, with an unmistakable look of refinement and culture. He would have been handsome had it not been for a certain, almost indefinable expression of mingled discontent and hauteur.

He paced nervously up and down the hall for a few times, then giving up in despair tossed down his hat and gloves, and drawing a few sketches from a portfolto, made a futile attempt to calm himself.

"Have I kept you waiting Howard?" said his mother as she entered a few moments later. "I am sorry dear, but if I had known before luncheon that you wished me to go with you to the Art Institute, I could have been ready sooner."

"I forgot to tell you," he answered, "and I suppose it's my fault if we are late; but perhaps if we hurry, I may be able to see the professor. I want him to see my sketches, I know he will say they are fine. Come, the carriage is waiting."

It was a day of especial interest at the Institute, for Herr Frederick Van Hagen, the celebrated German artist, was to give a lecture on German Art, and an exhibition of his famous paintings.

As they were about to enter, Mrs. Grandon heard a stifled sob and turned to see a slight girlish figure, very shabbily dressed, leaning against one of the pillars, her face the picture of disappointment. Her kind heart was touched, and she immediately stopped to inquire the reason for the child's grief.

"Mother, please hurry, we are late now. Let the child alone, do you want me to miss seeing Herr Van Hagen?" Howard spoke angrily for he was vexed that his mother should delay him an instant more; besides, the child wasn't worth noticing, anyway.

"You go in, Howard," said Mrs. Grandon, "I'll come in a moment." Then turning to the child, she said, "Tell me what is the trouble, perhaps I can help you."

Instinctively the child realized that she had found a friend in this richly dressed woman, and she told her story without hesitation.

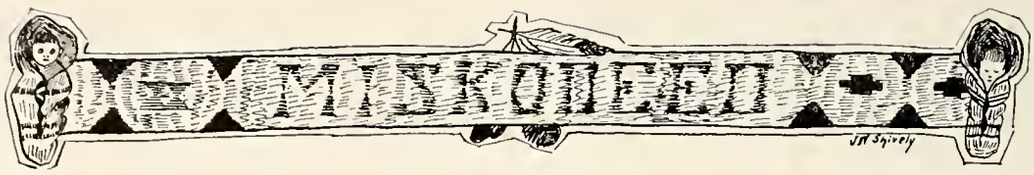
She was an orphan, her mother having died when she was six years old, her father but a few months ago. He was an artist, but through misfortune and ill health had been reduced to poverty. He had taught her to sketch and had taken her to the Institute many times to see the pictures. Since his death she had lived with a neighbor, working for her board and lodging.

"I have wanted to come and see the pictures for a long time." she said, "but father was sick so long, and after he died, they wouldn't let me come alone. I ran away today, and now—now they won't let me in. I want to see the pictures so bad, but I suppose I'll have to go home without seeing them,"

She began to sob as if her heart would break. "You shall see the pictures," said Mrs. Grandon taking her hand. The attendant at the door looked surprised as they entered, but offered no word of comment.

Inside the Institute the child seemed transformed. She led the way to a picture of Christ blessing the children, and stood, her hands tightly clasped, her face radiant.

"I love this one best of all," she told Mrs. Grandon, "because the Christ looks so loving and the children so happy. I have thought of it most all the time, since papa died, but I couldn't come again to see it, so one day I made



one of my own. But it isn't right, I can see the mistakes now." As she spoke she drew from her pocket a sheet of soiled paper. It was but a rude sketch made with a pencil, but the resemblance to the picture was striking, especially the expression in the face of the master, and Mrs. Grandon realized that the child was possessed of more than ordinary ability.

"Come with me," she said. "We will show your picture to Herr Van Hagen."

"Your sketches are good in technique, my boy," the artist was saying to Howard as they drew near, "but to be frank with you, they lack expression and feeling."

He handed them back; and seeing the look of disappointment on Howard's face, added, "Try them again, and put yourself in the spirit of the picture. Let it portray your feelings."

He turned to Mrs. Grandon and glanced with surprise at her companion.

"Will you please look at this sketch," she said, "I think perhaps it is worth examining."

She handed it to him, and he gazed a few moments in silence, then said, "The person who drew this will some day become famous. Although it is poor in detail, still it shows a wonderful gift of expression. May ask I who drew it?"

"Here is the little artist," replied Mrs. Grandon, and she told the child's story.

Howard stood transfixed with amazement and anger. His fine sketches criticised, and this one praised. It was beyond endurance.

"Mother, this is an insult!" he burst out. "I'll wait for you in the carriage," and strode rapidly away.

Herr Van Hagen glanced after him, then calmly said, "This child should receive instruction. I shall see her again."

That evening Mrs. Grandon after a long talk with her husband said: "I can think of no greater pleasure than to have the child right here in my home, I have been strangely interested in her, and since we have no daughter I thought perhaps we could take her, but since you and Howard object, I will content myself by educating her. Herr Van Hagen has promised to arrange matters for me."

"I do not object to your charities," he replied, "as long as they do not interfere with me; but I will not consent to a strange child being made one of my family."

Twelve years had passed and Howard Grandon sat in his studio wrapped in deep meditation.

Was he a failure? Had all his study and hard persistent toil accomplished nothing? He had studied under the best teachers in Germany, France and Italy, and yet his pictures were not well received, he was not recognized. Why it was he could not tell. Critics argued that his productions were original, perfect in coloring and detail. What did they lack? Every one was praising the works of a young and practically unknown artist. At the present time one of her pictures, in fact, her masterpiece, was on exhibition at the Institute, and was creating a sensation in Art circles.

He would go and see it on the morrow, perhaps he could learn the secret of her success.

A visit to the Institute always brought to his mind the time he had come to see Herr Van Hagen. He remembered that even then his sketches lacked something, and that something he had never been able to produce.

He could dimly recall that his mother had found a child crying on the steps, and had taken her to the professor, who became interested in a dirty sketch she had made with a pencil. He grew angry even now when he thought of it. Somehow it had been the same all through his life. He had asked help from no one; he had given help to no one; he had worked for himself and thought of no one else; and yet—he was a failure.

He asked to see the picture and when it was placed before him he glanced at it first scornfully, then stood pale and trembling.

It was a picture of a richly dressed woman, her arms thrown protectingly around a poor street waif in an effort to comfort her.

Underneath was written: "Unto the Least of These."

It was simple in detail, but the tenderness, pity and love in the woman's face, and the perfect trust in the child's were wonderfully portrayed. The face of the woman was the face of his mother!

Then he knew who had painted the picture and why it was great. He knew too, why he was a failure.

LESLIE C. MOREHOUSE, '11.

Written for Miskodeed Prize Contest.

Phil's Hoodoo

PHIL glanced at the clock on the opposite side of the room; from there his eye wandered to the calendar below it. "Whew! tomorrow is the thirteenth of March." He had almost forgotten it.

Leaning back in his chair he reviewed the events of the past thirteenths. Yes "the only good thing that had ever happened on the thirteenth of March was the attack of measles that had been kind enough to keep him away from spring exams." Kind to the teachers, too?

"But the bad things," he hated to think about the bad things which outweighed that mite of good. Let's see, "there was that broken ankle the night of the reception; then his thesis had been lost," which meant it had to be written over, "and last spring," worst of all, "he had pneumonia which kept him away from preliminary track practice. Now what would tomorrow bring"— Just here the door opened and one of the boys stepped in.

"Say, Phil, will you drive over to Centre with Pete and me tomorrow after Trig?"

"Sorry, Kit, but I never make plans nor promises for the thirteenth of March," replied Phil.

"Oh, shucks! that hoodoo of yours still bothering you? I hope it's out of business for this year."

"Well, wait and see. Good night," this last as the door closed between the two young men.

After reading a few minutes longer Phil closed his book with a yawn and began to prepare for bed.

The morning of the thirteenth was a beautiful day, clear and bright. Nevertheless, although the clock had sounded half past eight ten minutes ago, Phil still slept until awakened by a handful of gravel hitting the window shutters. In record-breaking time he was out of bed and dressed, except his collar, tie and cuff.

"But where are those collar buttons." "There goes one—this collar is too dirty—I can't find a clean one. All right! at last! there that cuff link goes. Now, for it" this last as he started down the stairs with his jersey on.

Chapel was over and the boys were out on the campus as he reached the open air.

"Hi, there, Phil Walker," yelled some one from a group a few rods away.

As he went over to them one of the boys said: "Say, you don't have a class at one o'clock, do you?"

"No, why?"

"Well, I wanted you to go to the bank at Centre for me. The boys were going over but they have to practice this afternoon."

"Sure, I'll go for you; that is, if you don't care whether you get your money or not. Money's a great temptation, don't you know," answered Phil, without thinking of the hoodoo.

After this he left the boys and went to class. As he entered the hall he was accosted by one of the teachers.

"Phillip, I didn't hear you answer to the roll call at chapel this morning."

"No, sir. I overslept."

"Well, I think chapel would do you as much good as sleep. Good morning."

This reprimand seemed a fit beginning for the hoodoo, of course.

He failed in his whole lesson next period, altho he made a passing grade in Chemistry. He hadn't a word of his Latin translation, (for the hoodoo had taken his book.)

At last his work was over and he started for the car to Centre in plenty of time, whistling as he went. He suddenly broke off whistling for the wind

was carrying his hat in the opposite direction of the track. By the time he had recovered it he saw the car disappear around a distant curve.

That meant a wait of fifty minutes. This time, by standing in the middle of the track with both hands on his hat he managed to get *that* car. After several delays on the line he arrived at the bank to find the sign "Closed" hanging in the door, As he turned away he muttered:

"Just my luck. I wish I had stayed in bed all day."

Buying a magazine he sat down to read until the next car, So busily was he reading that only by hastily boarding the end of the moving car did he get started for the College.

As he sat down he heard a titter and although he paid no attention to it then he understood it later when he attempted to get up. He had leaned back against some chewing gum and had stuck to the seat. He finally got loose and left the car amid a shower of laughs and jokes.

While he was wondering if his face was as red as it felt, one of the boys, who was cutting across a field to the campus, called out:

"What's up, Walker? Your face it a good imitation of a pickled beet," leaving no doubt in his mind.

"Oh! just my usual unusual luck, he replied. "It's a pity it couldn't be worse," he replied. "Say, Jack, I couldn't get your money for the bank was closed."

"I expected as much, This is a holiday for the bank clerks. I just thought I could help your luck along," laughingly explained his friend. "Hope it succeeded."

"You did, but don't try it again," replied Phil who was now in a rare bad humor. "I think you will have to take my suit to the cleaners, for with chasing my hat through mud puddles and sticking to chewing gum, it needs it."

During this time the boys had walked back to the college grounds and Phil went at once to the dormitory. His door was locked.

"I can't find my key in a single one of fourteen pockets—oh— I remember, I didn't bring it with me."

The key was on a table four feet away from Phil but there was a door closed with a spring between them. Exasperated almost to the swearing point, he went down after the steward's keys, and as he reached the stairs on his way back the gong rang for supper, but he went on to his room. He arrived ten minutes late at the "mess room" and consequently all the supper he received was a roll and some coffee.

After the meal, a crowd of them went over to the club house where several of the boys were lounging on the veranda. One of the boys suggested that they take a couple of boats and go out on the river that bounded two sides of the campus.

The boys acquiescing, they promptly pushed off and started down stream. After going about a mile they decided to land at a small island nearby. Every one had landed but Phil, who was in the stern. As he attempted to land, the boat rocked and (the hoodoo pushing) he fell over into the water. The canoe had been pushed up well on the beach, so he was only slightly wet, but it was enough.

"How very graceful," laughed Kit as Phil crawled out of the water.

"You had better consult the weather man before taking outdoor swimming lessons," advised George.

"Poor little wet duck," sympathised Kit.

"Oh, cut it, this is enough today for me." He was getting angry now. Then, as the humor of the situation broke upon him, he laughed with the rest.

"Well, boys, I'm going back to earnestly hope and pray that the thirteenth of March may never come again."

And he went.

MARY MILLER, '13.

Written for Miskodeed Prize Contest.

IN MEMORIAM

HELEN KELLER

'12

Miskodeed
Staff

The "Miskodeed" Staff

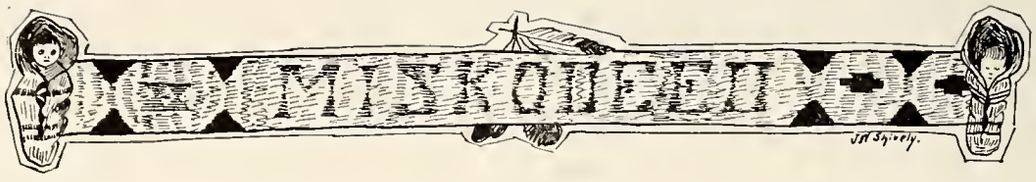
THE members of the "Staff" will never forget their work together in preparing the Miskodeed for publication. They have been days of good will and friendship, which a common purpose tends to, in which we have held our meetings and pondered over questions which seemed weighty in our inexperience.

Often the way ahead seemed dark and almost hopeless, advance was discouraged, and retreat would have been easy. But we did not look back, with the result that the light has dawned at last, disclosing joy and rest to our tired spirits.

Top Row: Helen McQuillen, Elmer Hawkins, Glenn Babcock, Edwin McCollum, Virginia McKinley.

Bottom Row; Bernice Reeder, Marguerite White, Marie Curtis.

SOCIETY



Y. M. C. A. Reception

ONE of the few and much appreciated social events of our school year was a Reception given October fourteenth at the Y. M. C. A. in South Bend. In response to the cordial invitation extended to the High School students and teachers, by the Secretary of the Y. M. C. A., two chartered cars, bound for South Bend, were filled with enthusiastic members of dear old M. H. S., and their friends. South Bend and the vicinity were no doubt aware of our approach, but we announced our arrival at the Y. M. C. A. building by cheering our hosts and giving various "yells."

The building was thrown open to us and we felt that we needed little entertainment. However, committees had been busy and a very good literary and musical program had been prepared. While this was being given most of the young men were bowling.

Basket Ball was the next feature. A regular Mishawaka game was played between the Seniors and Juniors on one side and the Sophomore and Freshmen on the other. Enthusiasm and class spirit was very evident, to say the least. The outcome of the game in favor of the Whites is only one proof of the excellence of our regular Basket Ball team, with all due honor to the Sophomore forward and yell master.

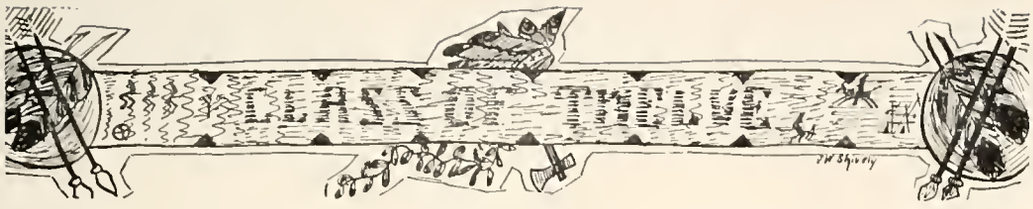
We fully appreciated a part of our entertainment which was a surprise. This consisted of readings by Mr. Ketchel, Dramatic Instructor at the South Bend High School.

Before starting home we tried in a number of ways to make it understood by all that we certainly had had a thoroughly good time.

Annex Social

There has been enthusiasm — a real and praisworthy enthusiasm — for athletics this year in the Mishawaka High School. This has, no doubt, been created by the Athletic and Oratorical Association largely.

In order that more members might be secured for the Association a contest was started between the boys and girls. It was agreed that the side securing the smaller per cent of new members should entertain the winning side. The contest resulted in every student and teacher joining the organization. And so, in the course of time, it came about that there



was a Social at which the members of the School entertained themselves as guests. The Social was held at the A. C. A. parlors on the evening of December 7, 1911. A few of the able members of the august body, known as the Mishawaka High School showed their interest by presenting the parlor play, "Mlle. Mystic". Much time and talent was given for our entertainment and the excellent production was appreciated by all. The play was proceeded by a beautiful vocal solo given by Miss Alice Culp accompanied by Mr. Humiston playing the violin.

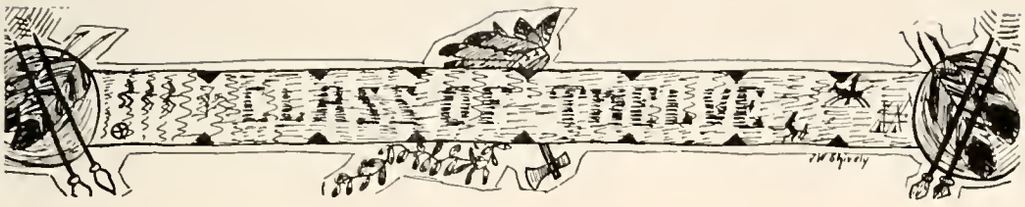
The next feature of the evening was a Girls Basket Ball Game played between picked teams with Marie Boles and Pauline Hawk as captains. The Girls played very well at this, their first game before the public, reaching the score of 6-2.

A basket-ball game between the Seniors and other classmen followed resulting in a victory for the Seniors. After a raid upon the frappe and wafers a mass meeting was held. We congratulated ourselves on a good time and promised each other that there would be more of them in the New High School.

Mlle. Mystic

The chief feature of the program of the evening, December seventh, was one act comedy, "Mlle. Mystic". The leading character, "Mlle. Mystic" was successfully taken by Miss Marie Boles who was very charming it her picturesque gypsy costume. Mr. Earl Prahl played the part of the handsome young Rev. Kingman, in love with Edith Ray who was masquerading as Mlle. Mystic.

Madaline Woodward, Marguerite White and Iva Ostrander in their rolls as three sweet village maidens, in love with Otto Gartner, Claude Moran and Onner Davis as three young village swains, played their parts well. Miss Madge Boles did very well in the portrayal of the village dressmaker, Miss Curtis. The part of Miss Duval, at whose home the bazaar which is the scene of the play is held, was ably filled by Miss Margaret Burnett.



The Opera "Pinafore"

THE first entertainment given in the auditorium of the new High School building was the opera "Pinafore," given by the Senior Class of 1911.

The opera is in two acts. The first act is at noon, the second at night. The action takes place on the quarter-deck of "Her Majesty's Ship Pinafore," which is at anchor off Portsmouth harbor.

The entire cast was taken by the Seniors. Madeline Woodward took the part of Josephine, who is in love with a sailor. Edward Giblett was Ralph Rackstraw, able seaman, in love with Josephine. Leslie Morehouse took the part of the haughty and conceited admiral, Sir Joseph Porter, K. C. B. Claude Moran was the dignified and popular commander, Captain Corcoran, captain of the "Pinafore." Aline McQuillen took the part of an aristocratic English lady and Sir Joseph's favorite cousin. Alice Culp was "sweet little Buttercup.' The discontented and soured Dick Deadeye, whose "name and face was 'agin him," was Clarence Culp. Onner Davis was the common-sensed Boatswain and his mate was Earl Huston. The pet of the crew, the little Midshipmite, was Donald McCollum. Because of the illness of Herman Fries, there was only one Sergeant of Marines, Robert Burnett. All of these performed very ably.

A few of the sailors were from the high school, but owing to the fact that there were not enough large boys to take the part of sailors, Messrs. Wilbur Shively, Edward Bridge, G. A. Maurer, H. Humiston, J. Heidloff and F. Otterstein kindly assisted and their voices added very much to the chorus.

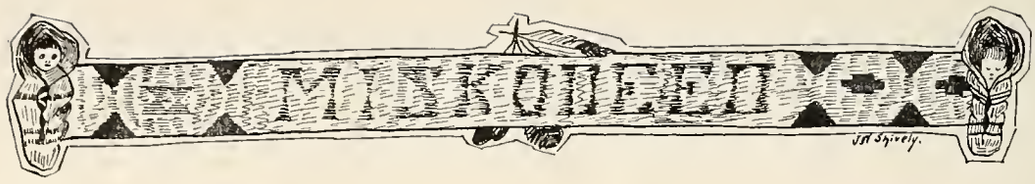
The "sisters, cousins and aunts" were high school girls.

Earl V. Prahl was the accompanist and leader of the orchestra, and Paul Weimer was the cornetist.

Otto Gartner and Robert Burnett took charge of the finances.

The opera was under the able direction of Miss Jeannie E. Terry.

MISHAWAKA PUBLIC LIBRARY
MISHAWAKA, INDIANA



The Orpheus Concert

The seats of the H. S. Auditorium were well tested by the audience which filled the hall the evening of Tuesday, May 16, when the Orpheus Club presented the following program under the auspices of the Junior class.

Hark the Trumpet Calleth - - - - - - - - *Buck*
a. The Water Mill - - - - - - - - - *Macy*
b. The Slumber Boat - - - - - - - - *Gaynor*
Valse in E Major - - - - - - - - *Moszkowski*
E. V. PRAHL.

The Long Day Closes - - - - - - - - - *Sullivan*
Landsighting - - - - - - - - - - *Grieg*
Hunting Song - - - - - - - - - *DeKoven*
Gypsy Songs - - - - - - - - - - *Dvorak*
a. The Songs My Mother Sang.
b. Tune Thy Strings, Gypsy.
K. W. KNORR.

Carmena - - - - - - - - - - - *Wilson*
Gypsy John - - - - - - - - - - *Clay*
Sunset - - - - - - - - - *Van de Watter*

The Junior-Senior Banquet

On June 15 there took place the annual banquet which is tendered to the Seniors by the Juniors during Commencement week.

Nearly sixty people were present in the dining room of the Hotel Mishawaka when the signal was given to begin the attack upon the dainty fare offered by the attendants.

The tables were formed in the shape of a Y. Yellow roses profusely scattered about, formed the decorations. The color scheme was also carried out on the place cards, on which were hand painted roses.

A delightful repast of eight courses having been enjoyed, the toastmaster introduced the speakers of the evening. Mr. Nuner responded to the toast, "The Faculty," Miss Welch to "Pupils," Mr. Otto Gartner to "Reminiscences,', Miss Alice Culp to "Farewell," Miss Isadore Barnhart to "Class of Twelve," Mr. Clarence Culp to "Good-night."

After this the company dispersed to their respective homes.

'10 The Calendar '11

Sept. 26—School opens in old M. H. S.
A high school crowd serenade Mr. and Mrs. Humiston and Miss Welch at their homes.

Sept. 27—Classes begin.

Sept. 28—Foot ball practice goes on in rapid style. Indications of a fine team.

Oct. 8—First foot ball game of the season, with Elkhart H. S. at Elkhart, score: M. H. S. 0, E. H. S. 18.

Oct. 14—Reception at Y. M. C. A. South Bend.

Oct. 15—Foot ball game with Interlaken at LaPorte, score: M. H. S. 15 Interlaken 8. Great rejoicing in the school.

Oct. 17—Foot ball practice goes on with renewed vigor.

Oct. 18—First A. A. meeting. Plans are made for the coming year.

Oct. 22—The first foot ball game in Mishawaka. Niles H. S. 0, M. H. S. 0. Great interest shown in game.

Oct. 24—A. A. meeting.

Nov. 1—The Hollow'ene ghosts visit the school. A great time finding books.

Nov. 3—1st meeting of the Philosophian and Adelphosophian societies.

Nov. 5—Foot ball game at Winona Ind.

Nov. 10—Meetings of the Adelphosophian and Philosophian Literary societies were held. Constitutions were adopted and officers elected.

Nov. 11—Adelphosophian meeting.

Nov. 16—A. A. meeting.

Nov. 17—A. A. meeting. Interest and excitement grows.

Nov. 23—First literary and musical program given by the Adelphsophians.

Nov. 24—Thanksgiving vacation begins.

Nov. 28—Winter term opens.

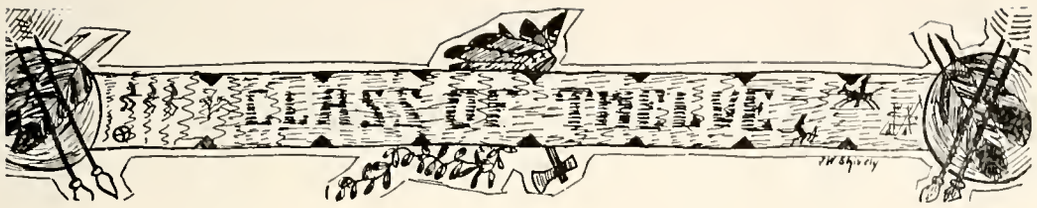
Nov. 29—Adelphosophian society holds regular business meeting.

Nov. 30—Business meeting of the Philosophians. At an A. A. meeting plans are completed for a social to be held December 2.

Dec. 1—Death of Mrs. Nuner, wife of J. F. Nuner Supt. of the Schools. Short A. A. meeting.

Dec. 2—A. A. social to be postponed. No school in afternoon.

Dec. 4—Funeral of Mrs. Nuner.



Dec. 5—Committees of A. A. meet.

Dec. 6—A. A. social at A. O. A.

Dec. 9 - First Philosophian program.

Dec. 12—Adelphosophian business meeting.

Dec. 13—The class pins are sported by the Seniors.

Dec. 14—A. A. meeting.

Dec. 15—A. A. meeting.

Dec. 16—Talk of solid session.

Dec. 19—Solid session begins.

Dec. 23—Adelphosophian program
Xmas vacation

Jan. 2—School Opens.

Jan. 4—Adelphosophian and Philosophian meetings.

Jan. 6—Talk by Dr. Martin, 3 times special envoy to Cuba during the administration of Wm. McKinley. One of the best speeches heard in H. S. Junior class sleigh ride.

Jan. 17—Adelpho and Philo meetings. Mass meeting held in gym. of new H. S. in in preparation for the first B. B. game.

Jan. 18—First B. B. game of the season. St. Joseph Hall of N. D. U. 22, M. H. S. 36.

Jan. 19—Girls B. B. Game.

Jan. 20—B. B. game at Elkhart. E. H. S. 27, M. H. S. 25.

Jan. 27—Adelpho program. The last day in the Old High School Building. Farewells to old class rooms and favorite haunts are made.

Jan. 30—School opens with tests in new High School Building.

Jan. 31—Tests.

Feb. 1—Tests.

Feb. 2—More tests

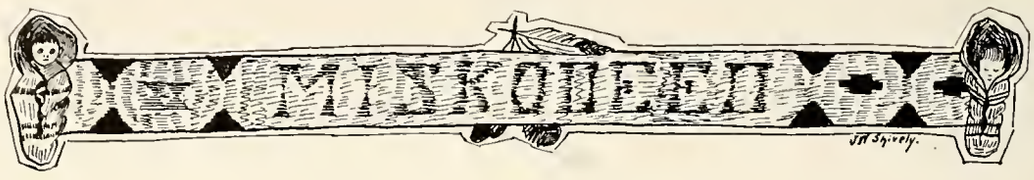
Feb. 3—Flunks or otherwise.

Feb. 4—B. B. game in M. H. S. gym. Winona Academy 16, M. H. S. 53. Farewells are made to Miss. Abbey.

Feb. 6—Second semester opens, new system of classes. Miss Chandler begins her work.

Feb. 10—Philosophian program. B. B. game given in "gym." Elkhart H. S. 18, M. H. S. 57. After the game a box social given by class '09 of M. H. S. in the lunch room. One of the most enjoyable social entertainments of school year.

Feb. 11—B. B. game at Winona Academy. Winona A. 20, M. H. S. 37



Feb. 14—A. A. meeting.

Feb. 15—Trial spelling-bee.

Feb. 17—Girls B. B. game at Warsaw. W. H. S. 17, M. H. S. 4.

Feb. 18—B. B. game at Interlaken School at LaPorte. I. 20, M. H. S. 14. Fries tries new style of dress (?)

Feb. 21—Spelling contest between Mishawaka and South Bend high schools at Y. M. C. A, South Bend. Victory for South Bend.

Feb. 22—Half holiday,

Feb. 23—First performance of "Pinafore" in the M. H. S. hall, under auspices of Class 1911, M. H. S.

Feb. 24—Second performance of "Pinafore."

Feb. 25—Afternoon matinee of "Pinafore."

Feb. 27—Mass meeting. Basket-ball. Speeches.

Mar. 1—Great B. B. game for N. Ind. championship between S. B. H. S. and M. H. S. in N. D. U. "gym." Score, S. B. H. S. 23, M. H. S. 15. Over 100 went from M. H. S. to root for our team

Mar. 2—Rather gloomy over the game.

Mar. 3—B. B. game at Valpo. V. H. S. 19, M. H. S. 16. "We'll skin them here."

Mar. 6—Philosophian meeting.

Mar. 9—Art lecture in Assembly Room. Students invited.

Mar. 10—Philosophian program.
Warsaw girl's game in B. B. called off. The girls are put out of "gym."

Mar. 11—B. B. game. Interlaken 13, M. H. S. 54. Great rooting and excitement.

Mar. 17—St. Patrick's Day as usual.

Mar. 18—B. B. game with Valpo in "gym." V. H. S. 19, M. H. S. 41.
The Junior girls on the front row have a great attraction for "Baldy."

Mar. 20—Death of Mrs. Huminston, wife of Prof. H. D. Huminston.

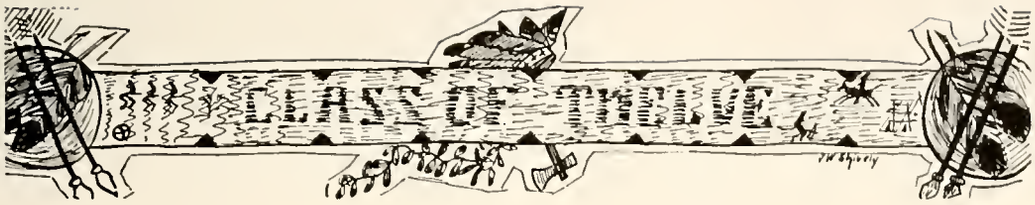
Mar. 21—Funeral of Mrs. Huminston. Half session.

Mar. 22—B. B. girls return to "gym."

Mar. 24—Adelphosophian program.
B. B. game with Goshen. G. H. S. 17, M. H. S. 21.

Mar. 27—Reading from Kenilworth, by Miss Ida F. Smith, of Decatur, Ill.

Mar. 29—Speech by Dr. Nollen, President of Lake Forest Academy.



Mar. 31—Speech by Prof. Tappy of Wabash College.
B. B. game. LaPorte H. S. 9, M. H. S. 60 Last B. B. game of the season.
Contest for selling B. B. tickets between the literary societies ends. Adelphosophians victorious.

Apr. 3—Spring vacation.

Apr. 10—Spring term begins.

Apr. 11—Talk by Mr. Batchelor, Asst. Supt. of Marion College.

Apr. 15—First Base Ball game at LaPorte. L. H. S. 8, M. H. S. 1.

Apr. 17—Reception and dance given by Class '09 to Class '11 in Winey Hall.

Apr. 20—Lecture on Oberammergau and the Passion Play, by Mrs. M. V. Beiger.

Apr. 21—Adelphosophian program.

Apr. 22—Base Ball game. Woodland 10, M. H. S. 7.
E. E. H. "I knowed you could do it."

May 1—Miskodeed goes to print.

May 5—Last Philosophian program.

May 16—Orpheus Club concert given under the management of the Juniors of M. H. S.

May 19—Last Adelphosophian program.

June 5—Test week for the Seniors.

June 11—Baccalaureate sermon at First Presbyterian Church.

June 12—Test week for students.

June 13—Commencement day.

June 15—Juniors give banquet for Seniors at Mishawaka Hotel.

June 16—School closes.

"Miskodeeds"

C. H. T., in Miss Turner's 1st year English class wrote: "It was a bright, clear, sunshiny day, a haze hung over the banks, so that the bridge nearby could hardly be seen. The sun setting cast a pink glow over everything. The water was red and the trees were a deep purple."

Mr. Huminston in Solid Geometry class, to M. A. C.: "Is Otto fast asleep?"

Miss Turner, in Modern History Class:
"Jeannette, how long did the Thirty Year's War last?"
Jeanette—"Why— I don't know."
Miss T—"What? Well,—Clyde?"
Clyde—"I didn't study that." (Class laughs.)
Bright Pupil—"Why, 30 years, of course."

Current event morning in Modern History class also runs to poetry, as the one composed by Bernice R.:

"Now Congress has decided
That a tomb shall be provided
For the patriotic bones
Of John Paul Jones."

In Miss Simpson's 1st year English class: L. L. B., (illustrious Freshie) in a composition: "As I came down the walk a white rabbit ran up the tree."

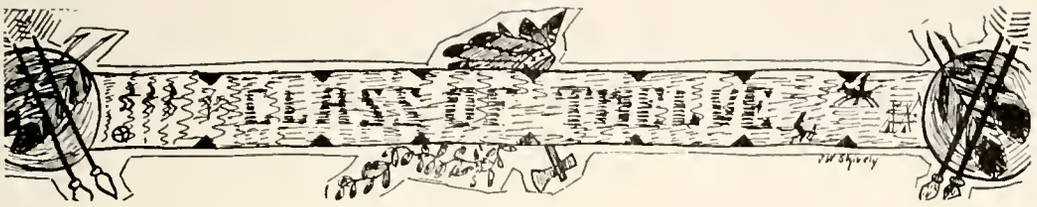
He failed in Latin, he flunked in Chem,
They heard him softly hiss;
"I'd like to find the man who said
'Ignorance is bliss.'" —*Ex.*

Teacher, in Grammar:—"I am beautiful. What tense is that?"
Freshie:—"Past tense." —*Ex.*

A real joke was sprung by a student at the Western Reserve University, says the Cleveland Plain Dealer. This student suffers from the stigma of obesity; it appears that even professors do not love a fat man. After a particularly unsuccessful recitation in English III, the professor said:

"Alas, Mr. Blank, you are better fed than taught."

"That's right, professor," sighed the youth, subsiding heavily; "you teach me—I feed myself."



Pupil (reciting on Milton)—He wrote "Paradise Lost." Then his wife died and he wrote "Paradise Regained."

The flowers are fresh in the morn,
The dew is fresh on the grass,
But never yet was anything born,
So fresh as this First Year Class. —*B. R.*

The pupils of a distinguished professor of zoology, says a review, a man well known for his eccentricities, noted one day two tidy parcels lying on their instructor's desk as they passed out at the noon hour. On their return to the laboratory for the afternoon lecture they saw but one. This the professor took carefully up in his hands as he opened his lecture.

"In the study of vertebrata we have taken the frog as a type. Let us now examine the gastrocnemius muscle of this dissect specimen."

So saying, the professor untied the string of his neat parcel and disclosed to view a ham sandwich and a boiled egg.

"But I have eaten my lunch!" said the learned man, bewilderedly.

—*Stolen.*

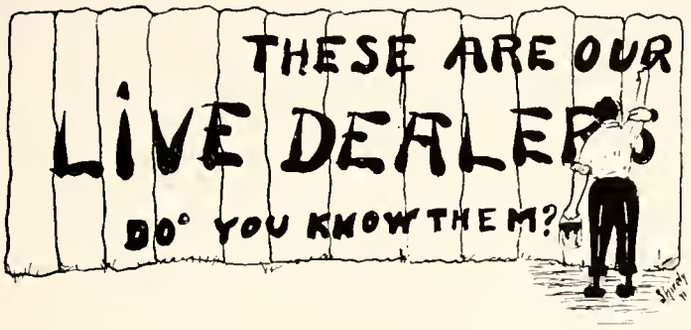
HIGH SCHOOL RECORD.

First Year "Comedy of Errors."
Second Year—"Much Ado About Nothing."
Third Year—"As You Like It."
Fourth Year—"All's Well That Ends Well." —*Ex.*

THE MORE I KNOW.

I used to think I knew I knew,
But now I must confess:
The more I know I know I know
I know I know the less. —*Borrowed.*

Perhaps these jokes are old
And should be on the shelf.
If you think you can do better
Send in a few yourself.



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